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A NEW MINING DISTRICT.

Journal of a Trip to the Colville Valley and the Upper Columbia.

BY E. V. SMALLLEY.

Nov. 27, 1885.—We did not get away from Spokane Falls until 9 this morning, a loose shoe on one of the horses causing an unexpected delay. Our "outfit" consisted of a stout spring wagon drawn by two little stocky bays. The party was composed of two persons—my friend J. J. Browne and myself. We took no "grub stake," expecting to find ranches at short enough intervals to afford us meals and shelter, but we prudently equipped ourselves with blankets and rubber coats. The weather is warm and spring-like. On Mount Carlton, the highest peak seen from Spokane Falls, there is deep snow, but the plains and valleys show no signs of winter. The colors of the landscape are only three—the light brown of the bunch grass, the dark green of the pines, and the black of the basaltic rocks which form cliffs along the streams and occasionally thrust up a broad shoulder through the loam of the prairies, or crop out in patches of so-called "scab land." There are no deciduous trees to give warm autumnal tints to the hillsides. Browne says there are some cottonwoods and sumacs along the creeks out on the open plains, but we see nothing but pines to-day, save an occasional fir or tamarack.

We cross Hangman's Creek—the Indian name is Latah, and should be substituted for the repulsive English word—and follow the general course of the Spokane River all the forenoon, driving through timber most of the time, but occasionally crossing a small prairie where there are two or three settlers' cabins. At one of these houses we halt for dinner, relying on the customary frontier hospitality. The family are Germans from the North Sea country, between the Elbe and the Weser—very pleasant, intelligent people. They have six sons and left the old country to save the boys from the conscription. "Three years each in the army," said the mother to me, in the German language, "would have been eighteen years taken out of the useful life of our household." The house is of logs, containing two rooms. In the sitting-room, which is also the old

people's sleeping room, the walls are covered with calico, and there are some photographs and a few books, among them a cyclopedia, called by the Germans a "conversations-lexicon." These kind people will accept no payment for their hospitality and urge us to come again.

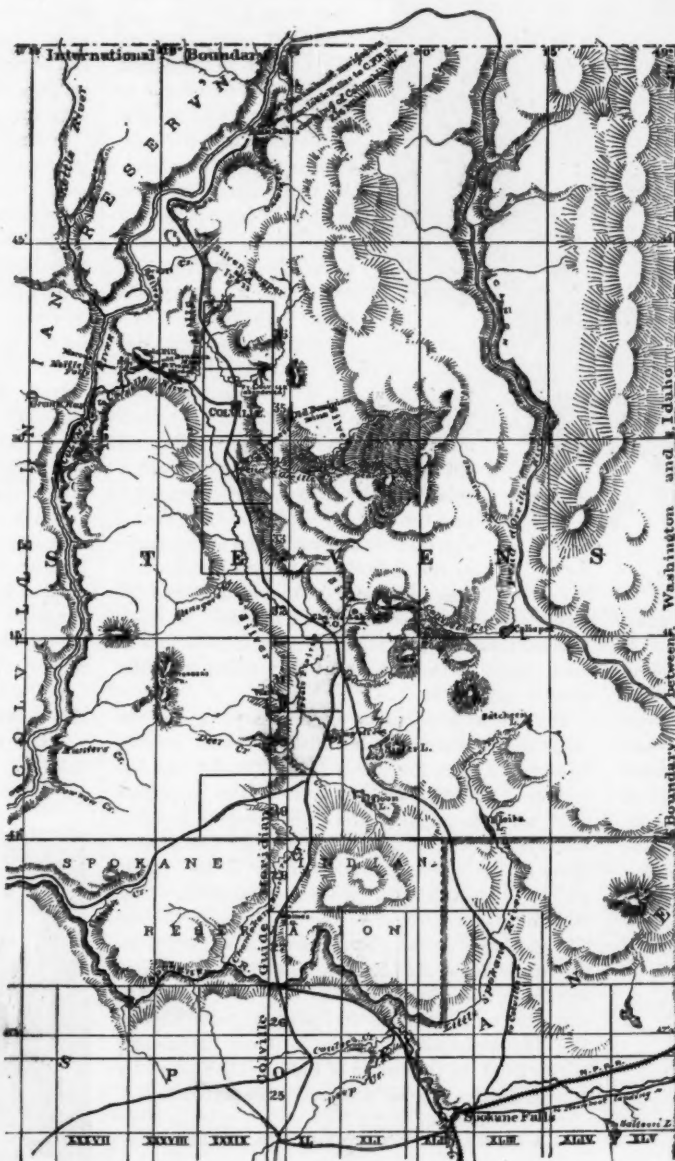
In the afternoon our road leads down over three

Protestant missionary station, established in 1838 and abandoned in 1847, after the Whitman massacre. The present owner occupied the place twenty years ago. He was a member of McClellan's expedition in 1853 which started from Vancouver and met Gen. Stevens at Colville. This was the original survey of the northern route for a railroad to the Pacific.

Stevens sent McClellan around to the Columbia to work eastward, while he moved westward from St. Paul. It was expected that the two parties would meet near the summit of the Rockies, but McClellan's slowness was shown at that early day when he was only a captain. Stevens traversed twice as much ground as he, and much more difficult ground, too, and they met about three hundred miles west of the Rockies.

Across Chemokane Creek is the reservation of the Lower Spokane tribe, whose chief is Lot, a very sensible, decent sort of an Indian, who urges his people to cultivate the ground, and favors the allotment of lands in severalty. We met on the road to-day one of Lot's Indians. He wore a good beaver overcoat and a new felt hat, and was driving a sleek team in a new wagon.

Our host's place looks like the residence of a Southern planter. He has a new white house, flanked by a multitude of log barns and smaller structures. For supper we had salmon trout, caught by an Indian, and fresh eggs. In the parlor there is an enormous walnut bedstead, a marble-top table, lace curtains, two water color landscapes, and a number of photographs in gilt frames. The sister of our host and her children have recently come from Philadelphia to live with him. Philadelphia seems a long, long way off from this lonely Washington Territory valley, and these city folks, who probably brought with them the articles of luxury one sees in the house, are already homesick.



MAP OF THE COLVILLE MINING REGION, WASH. TER.

wide benches, into the deep gorge of the Spokane. The river is about 1,000 feet below the general level of the country—a beautiful stream, swift, clear and deep. The old Walla Walla and Fort Colville trail crosses it on a shaky bridge.

We stop for the night at Walker's prairie on Chemokane Creek. This was the old Walker-Eels

Nov. 24.—Got started before daylight. Drove for three or four miles across Walker's prairie. Very rich little valley, such as would be called a cove in Tennessee. There are a few settlers, mostly with squaws for wives. The creek which drains the valley is the western boundary of the Indian reservation for about twelve miles. On this reservation

CHEWELAH AND THE COLVILLE VALLEY.

lives Chief Joseph, the famous Nez Perce warrior, with the remnant of the people who took up arms against the whites in 1876. They were brought here from their banishment in the Indian Territory last summer. Rations are issued to them regularly, and they were lately given by the Government good clothing and blankets. Joseph is soon going to move across the Columbia and settle down to farming on the big Colville reservation, which is about one hundred miles square. He has already selected a valley for the homes of his followers.

As we were trotting through the open forests of pine and tamarack the horses suddenly stopped in affright. Not fifty yards from the road stood a noble white-tailed buck and three doe. They looked at us quite unconcernedly, as if they knew that we had not as much as a pocket pistol with us. I endeavored to scare them by shouting and standing up in the wagon, but to no purpose. After they had satisfied their curiosity and ours for fully five minutes, the herd slowly walked off into the depth of the wood.

Drove all the forenoon through a drizzling rain, over bad roads, most of the time through an open pine forest. Mountains to the right of us, mountains to the left of us, mountains ahead of us. Met an Indian boy riding bareback, with a rope tied around his horse's jaw for a bridle. He said he was looking for a lost horse. Towards noon crossed a low divide and came down into one of the two southern prongs of the Colville Valley. Here plowed fields and log houses are numerous. The soil is as black and rich as that of the Red River Valley in Dakota. Immense crops of hay are raised. Wheat yields thirty bushels to the acre, year after year, and oats sixty. Some new settlers have come in lately, but most of the people date back fifteen, twenty, and even thirty years, they or their ancestors having come to this remote valley in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, or as teamsters for the army when Fort Colville was occupied by a military force. Saw many herds of well-conditioned cattle. Counted fifty head in a single field.

Halted for dinner at the house of a man who went from Malden, Mass., to California, in 1852, and thence drifted here. He has a half-breed wife and three children, and lives in a rather rude fashion. There was a sewing machine in the house, but no glasses to drink from, and we got neither milk for the coffee nor butter for the bread. The repast consisted of sausage, fried pork, potatoes, coffee and bread, with nothing whatever in the way of what New England housewives call "fixins." I have eaten dinners at Delmonico's with less relish, however. The mountain air and the jolting ride prove tremendous appetizers. The half-breeds' and squaw men's farms can generally be distinguished by a tepee covered with bulrush mats or with canvas, pitched near the log cabin. Browne says the wigwam is for the wife's poor relations when they come visiting.

The man with whom we dined showed us some specimens of galena and copper ore, carrying silver, which he had found on the mountain side, and said he had located two claims. This is the first sign of the mining excitement which is waking up the sleepy Colville Valley. As we advanced down the valley we soon came into the thick of it.

Reached Chewelah at 3, and determined to go no further to-day. The town has two stores, two alleged hotels, a brewery and several saloons, and is the seat of the agency for three Indian reservations,

the Colville, lying west of the Columbia, the Spokane, which we passed this morning, and the Cœur d'Alene, which lies about one hundred miles south of here. The agent is a

young man recently from New York City, who got "broke" speculating in Wall Street and was sent by President Cleveland to these solitudes to fill one of the most difficult positions in the Indian service. As we alighted in front of the agency apothecary shop the doctor, a young man from Alexandria, Va., was just mounting his horse to go and see a sick Indian who he said was

"all mashed up" and had been helpless for a week, but had only sent for him then for the first time. In ten minutes he returned, saying he could not find the Indian, who had been seen going off on his pony. Browne suggested that the sick man had seen the doctor approaching and had taken to the woods as the only chance to save his life. At this joke the doctor laughed heartily.

So did the agency farmer, who is supposed to teach Indians the principles and practice of agriculture at long range. He lives about fifty miles from the nearest Indian farm.

The alleged hotel where we are stopping for the night has no chairs, benches without backs serving as seats. Among the guests is Mr. Benoist, the discoverer of the famous Old Dominion mine near Colville, which is shipping silver ore averaging in value about three hundred dollars per ton. He also located many of the most promising mines in the valley which still await capital for their development. The first important discoveries were made near Chewelah and were noised abroad last winter, chiefly by the efforts of a Mr. Embry, who lives two miles from here, and who for months kept up a steady fire of mining news items in the Spokane Falls papers. The Old Dominion, with its rich ore shipments, finally fixed the reputation of the Colville Valley as a mining district of great prospective importance.

A DAY'S DRIVE THROUGH THE VALLEY.

Nov. 25th.—At the hotel last evening there were a number of men engaged in prospecting or in opening ledges. All had great expectations of the future of mining in the valley. So many veins have been found carrying silver in quantities from twenty dollars a ton up into the hundreds that it seems almost certain that the Colville district will, in a few years, become the greatest silver camp on the continent. Around Chewelah there are about fifty "locations." The ore is mainly galena, but chlorides and copper

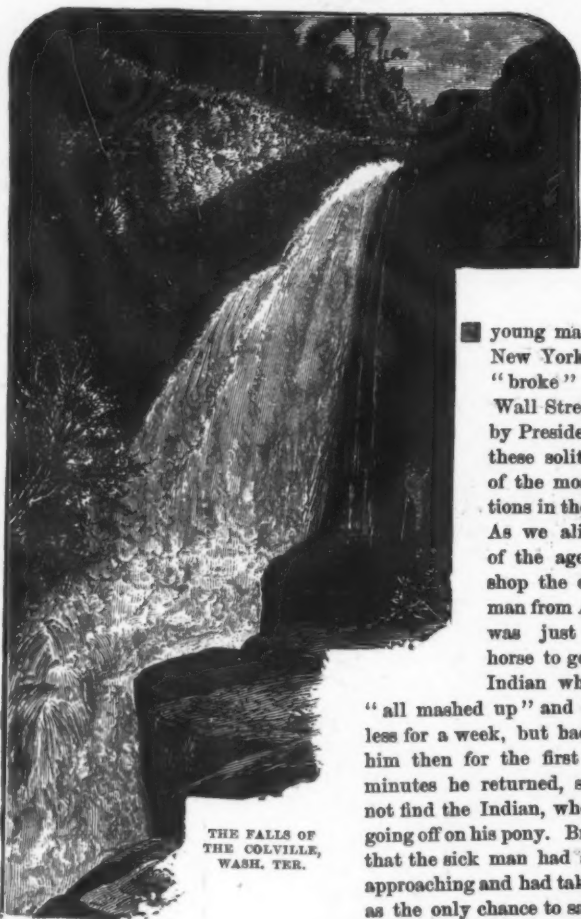
have been found. One man showed me a specimen of iron from a ledge near the place. Under the iron he expected to find the best carbonates yet discovered.

The sleeping accommodations of our hotel consisted of two rooms in the attic, one for women and the other for men. In the male dormitory there were a dozen pallets on the floor and two cots. One of these cots fell to my share. It was an atrocious contrivance, and after courting sleep in vain for two hours upon it I finally made it a little less intolerable by shutting up the legs and bringing it down flat upon the floor.

Drove all the forenoon in a drizzling rain. Rich meadow lands part of the way, but in places the mountains close in and pinch the valley up into a narrow strip, where we drive for miles through forests of pine, fir and tamarack. Some of the tamarack trees are four feet through at the butt. The settlers use tamarack for posts and fence rails. Met numbers of Indians riding without saddles. One of them had his face painted a bright red. Browne said he was probably going to see his girl. The open valley lands are tolerably thickly settled. Hay is the chief crop and stock raising the principal industry. These rich meadows yield three tons to the acre. Much of the pine bench land is good for grain and potatoes, but very little clearing has been done. The bottoms are from one to two miles wide, the willow-fringed Colville River running through them.

We saw numerous location notices on outcroppings of quartz or galena. Everybody seems to be mine mad. A man without half a dozen mines is a curiosity in the Colville country. The whole population is dreaming of wealth to be dug out of the ground. If only a few mines are worked and turn out to be rich, a quarter section farm here will be a surer source of profit than most of the prospect holes, for all farm produce will sell at good prices right at home. Never was there a mining district so favorably situated for development as this, for fuel is abundant, food for man and beast plentiful, good roads lead through a settled country to a railroad, and when the time comes to build a railroad to the mines, nature has opened an excellent route for it.

Stopped for dinner at a neat, white farm house, surrounded by remarkably good improvements, including a big, painted barn. In the house were carpets, easy chairs, books and pictures. This pleasant home turned out, on inquiry of the good lady who welcomed us to its comforts, to be the summer residence of the clerk of the United States District Court, who lives in Walla Walla, and who finds in this remote valley ample opportunity during his vacation weeks to gratify his love of hunting and fishing.



THE FALLS OF THE COLVILLE, WASH. TERR.



THE PUBLIC WASHSTAND IN THE "HOTEL" AT CHEWELAH. [From a sketch by one of the victims.]

Arrived at 3 o'clock at the new town of Colville, the outgrowth in great part of the prevalent mining excitement. It looks raw and rough like all mining towns. There are a dozen saloons, a brewery, two stores for general merchandise, and a hotel. About twenty new buildings are in course of construction. This is the county seat of Stevens County, the largest county in Washington. Fort Colville, abandoned four years ago, is distant four miles.

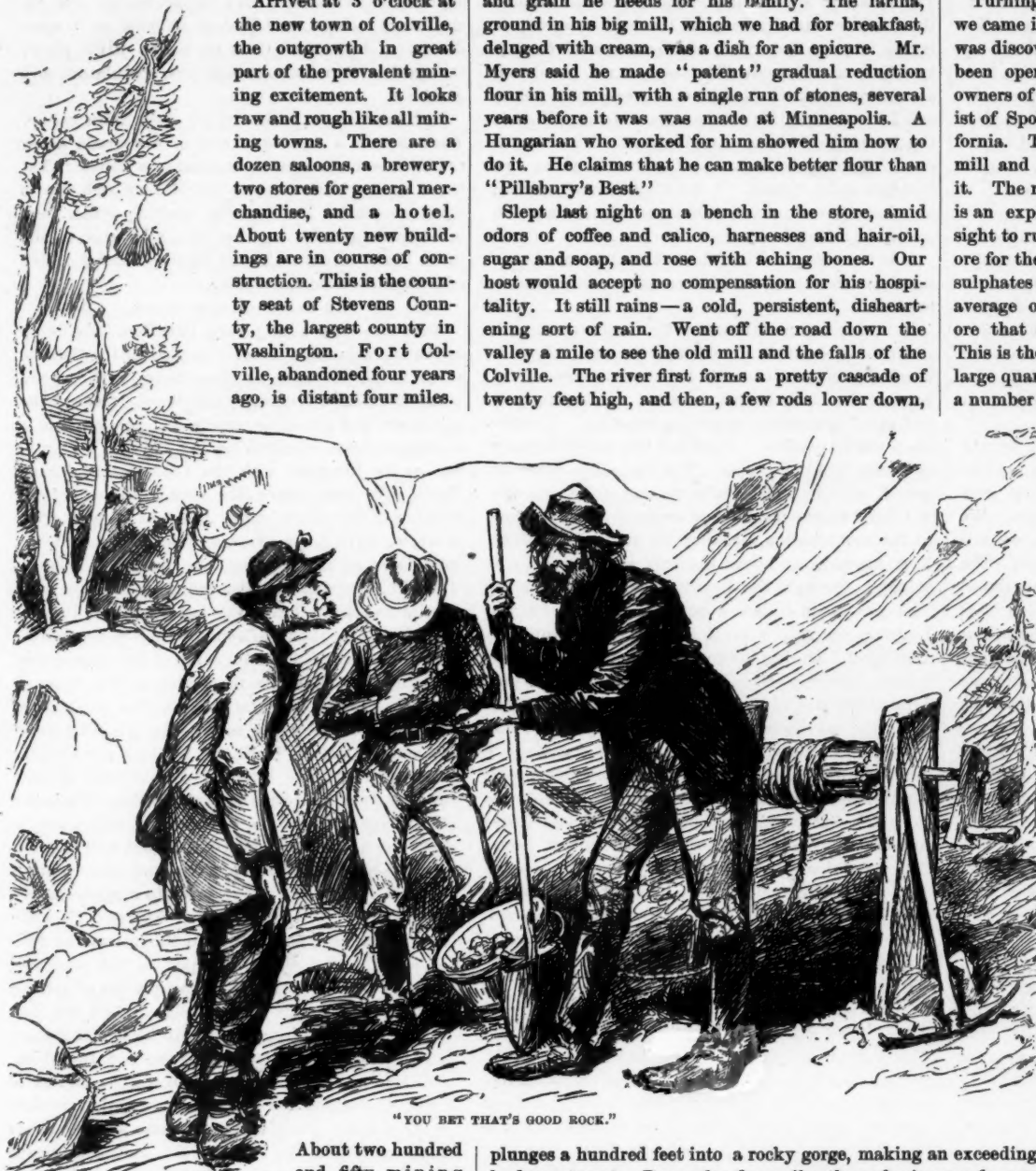
and grain he needs for his family. The farina, ground in his big mill, which we had for breakfast, deluged with cream, was a dish for an epicure. Mr. Myers said he made "patent" gradual reduction flour in his mill, with a single run of stones, several years before it was made at Minneapolis. A Hungarian who worked for him showed him how to do it. He claims that he can make better flour than "Pillsbury's Best."

Slept last night on a bench in the store, amid odors of coffee and calico, harnesses and hair-oil, sugar and soap, and rose with aching bones. Our host would accept no compensation for his hospitality. It still rains—a cold, persistent, disheartening sort of rain. Went off the road down the valley a mile to see the old mill and the falls of the Colville. The river first forms a pretty cascade of twenty feet high, and then, a few rods lower down,

Turning back up the Colville Valley from Marcus, we came in an hour to Gold Hill, where gold quartz was discovered last summer, and where a mine has been opened and a ten-stamp mill erected. The owners of this property are Messrs. Moore and Benoit of Spokane Falls, and Riley and Hanley of California. They have invested about \$15,000 in the mill and in opening the mine and making a road to it. The mill is almost ready to start. Riley, who is an expert miner, says there is rock enough in sight to run the mill five years. It is free milling ore for the most part, but is somewhat mixed with sulphates carrying silver. He expects it to yield an average of fifty dollars of gold to the ton. The ore that cannot be milled will be concentrated. This is the only gold quartz thus far discovered in large quantities in the Colville district. There are a number of ledges on Gold Hill varying in thickness

from a few inches to four feet. All these veins are supposed to unite in the heart of the mountain in a large body of ore. This formation is older, geologically speaking, than the formation carrying silver, and is evidently an upheaval. I was shown by Mr. Riley some carbonates from a newly found vein, called the Young America, nine miles up the Columbia from Kettle Falls, which he said would yield \$200 to the ton. This vein was discovered by Mr. Benoit, who had a theory that carbonates would be found on the Columbia.

At dark we reached the Jesuit Mission of St. Francis, where thirty Indian and half-breed boys, and fifty girls are being educated. The superior, Father Canestrelli, is an Italian who speaks very little English, but is a proficient in all the dialects of the Kalispel family of languages. The honors of hospitality were done by a young Italian priest who talks English fluently. Supper consisted of bread, beef, potatoes, raw onions and tea, eaten without a cloth, in company with two dirty-handed teamsters. Afterwards I knocked at the Father Superior's door and found him reading his breviary with a crucifix and a picture of the Virgin on



"YOU BET THAT'S GOOD ROCK."

About two hundred and fifty mining locations have been filed in this vicinity. The Old Dominion mine is seven miles away. We decided to postpone a visit to it until our return from the Columbia, and as the hotel was still without doors or windows, and beds in the saloons were uninviting, we pushed on down the valley to reach some ranch that promised tolerable entertainment. The sun went down at 4 o'clock behind a gloomy mountain, which appeared to be about 6,000 feet high. Our team wallowed for an hour in a swamp, but just as the road was becoming indistinguishable a big white gate with a surmounting archway loomed up, and behind it shone a light. It was Myers' place, the home of the veteran miller of the Colville Valley, a well-known character in all the Upper Columbia region. The team was soon in the barn, and the tired travelers seated at a supper table loaded with good things.

KETTLE FALLS ON THE COLUMBIA.

Nov. 26.—Our host told us last night of his twenty-three years in this valley. He owns a farm and a flouring mill, and has also a little store in a small room in a corner of his log dwelling, crowded with a curiously miscellaneous assortment of merchandise. This room is about ten feet by fifteen, yet it is grocery, dry goods store, hardware store, boot and shoe store, gun shop, and tin shop. It is mainly attended by the owner's wife, and the customers are for the most part Indians or half-breeds. Our host brought in a pan full of large, red-cheeked apples, grown in his own orchard. He raises all the fruit, vegetables

plunges a hundred feet into a rocky gorge, making an exceedingly fine cataract. Drove for five miles through pine woods, over a sandy plateau, towards the Columbia, and then, after descending several hills, came out upon a broad bench commanding a superb view of Kettle Falls. These falls are more impressive than the famous Cascades of the Columbia on the lower river, near Portland. There is a perpendicular fall of twenty feet, and then a swift, swirling rapid in a narrow crevice in enormous ledges of quartz and porphyry. On the western bank a mountain of successive black ledges, scantily covered with pines, rises to a height of about 5,000 feet above the river, and wears a bonnet of snow. The water of the river is a lovely emerald green. Above the falls the stream is wide and placid, and there is a snug, cove-like stretch of rich bottom lands—perhaps 5,000 acres in all, farmed by a mixed population of half-breeds, Canadian French, and a few Americans. We saw the remains of the old Hudson Bay Company fort, built in 1820. A block house and a few log buildings are still standing. We saw also an old mission church, said to date from 1832, deserted when the present Mission of St. Francis was established a few miles up the valley of the Colville. A short drive brought us to the hamlet of Marcus, consisting of a group of log buildings erected for winter quarters by the British contingent of the joint commission which ran the international boundary in 1859-60. Stopped at a store kept by a man named Brown, who went to California from New York City in 1849. He had a large stock of goods for such a remote place. Said his customers were prospectors, travelers, Indians and a few farmers who had recently settled on the Columbia below Kettle Falls, where they find good wheat land on the benches. He praised the Indians, said they bought everything white folks did, cultivated farms, kept cattle, and were entirely self-sustaining. He pointed out the house of an Indian on the opposite bank of the river who raised 2,500 bushels of wheat this year.



A PROSPECTOR AT WORK.

his desk near the book. He seemed inaccessible in a conversational way at first, but on making an attempt in French he thawed out and chatted for an hour in an interesting fashion about the Indian languages, superstitions, habits, etc. Almost the only thing the missionaries could do, he said, was to give the Indians a knowledge of the true God and to improve their morals. They are dying off fast, scrofula killing the children by producing lung diseases.

TO THE LITTLE DALLES.

Nov. 27.—The St. Francis Mission is rather a poor affair, though of very respectable antiquity. In importance it does not compare with St. Ignatius, on the Flathead reservation, which I described about a year ago in an article in the *Century Magazine*. All the Rocky Mountain missions of the Jesuits are under the charge of Father Superior Cataldo, who lives at Spokane Falls. Their support comes from the Province of Turin, Italy.

We were awakened this morning at 6 by the ringing of a bell and the tramping of the boys in the attic overhead, while dressing. They were marched down to mass and then to breakfast. We were invited to breakfast with the priests, on salt codfish, potatoes, bread, coffee and molasses. The table was bare and the table service of the rudest kind. The whole equipment of the mission is of the plainest sort. In the room where we slept there was a big picture of Pope Pius IX and a small one of the Virgin, but the beds had neither mattresses nor sheets and consisted of a few blankets spread on the board bottoms of the bedsteads. We did not visit the girls' school, which indicated externally a somewhat higher grade of comfort. From the portal of the mission church, which stands in a commanding position on a hill, I enjoyed one of the most magnificent mountain panoramas I have ever seen. Mountains are so numerous in this region that even important ridges have no local names, to say nothing of separate peaks. The highest summits I saw from the church were west of the Columbia and on the great Colville Indian reservation.

Setting out from the mission this morning we retraced our road up the Colville Valley for a few miles and then turned northward through a smaller valley and over pine ridges lying between the mountain ranges, our destination being the Little Dalles of the Columbia, close to the British line. Last spring a small steamboat was built at the Little Dalles to carry supplies to the contractors on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The goods were wagoned from Spokane Falls, one hundred and ten miles, and then taken by boat two hundred and thirty miles up the Columbia to the railroad at Farwell. We were in the woods all day except when we came out at noon to a little open country where an old-timer named Bruce has a ranch. We passed the Bonanza mine, where an enormous quantity of low-grade galena ore, carrying from twenty to seventy-five dollars to the ton, is exposed. This ore will pay well for smelting if a smelter is erected at any point in the Colville Valley.

We warmed ourselves at Bruce's big fireplace, got lunch and sheaf oats for the team, and started on in the rain. The mildness of the weather in this high northern latitude is remarkable. I picked wood violets yesterday and saw wild chrysanthemums in blossom. Browne found a bluebell in full bloom. The mountains are white with snow but in the valleys the temperature is about forty degrees.

Towards night we saw the Columbia running four hundred feet below us in a gorge, its waters a lovely green hue. Our road followed along a high bench for eight miles and then dropped down with uncomfortable suddenness to the river. There is one house at the Little Dalles. It is a saloon, store and hotel combined, and has two rooms and a garret. Lodgers are expected to bring their bedding with them. The place is crowded to-night with two batteaux loads of people, who have come down the river from the Canadian Pacific, on their way to "the States"—part of a great quantity of human driftwood set afloat by the completion of the railroad.

The landlord is cooking pork, potatoes and onions, the boatmen are drinking at the bar, a woman is trying to quiet the crying children, several hungry travelers, armed with Winchesters and revolvers, are eating from tin plates on a greasy pine table, and I am writing this on the store counter. This is the jumping-off place of civilization. The nearest dwelling going northward up the river is about two hundred miles distant. A few Chinamen are mining on a bar eighteen miles distant, but their huts can hardly be called dwellings.

It is time to spread our blanket on the floor. I have saved two sheaves of oats and mean to have a luxurious bed.

THE LITTLE DALLES OF THE COLUMBIA.

Nov. 28.—At 5 o'clock this morning the red-bearded giant who runs all the departments of the hotel at the Little Dalles was astir, rattling his pots and pans, preparatory to getting breakfast. Further sleep was impossible. Breakfast was served to relays of weary-looking people. The Canadian batteaux got off early for Kettle Falls, the end of their voyage. A United States inspector of customs was on hand at the embarkation, looking for smuggled opium. This, he said, was about the only article it pays to smuggle through the line from British Columbia. The duty is ten dollars a pound. Going north the boatmen smuggle a great deal of whisky into the Dominion. During the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway the Dominion Government prohibited the sale of liquor within a belt of country along the road twenty miles wide. The result was to send the price up to fifteen dollars a gallon. I hear that 6,000 gallons in all were smuggled up the Columbia during the past season. The liquor was bought in Spokane Falls, hauled to the Little Dalles and thence taken up to the railroad in row boats. The Dominion customs officer stayed on the steamboat and the smugglers easily kept out of his way.

Went to look at the Dalles as soon as day dawned. The river is narrowed in by enormous masses of limestone rock. At low water the channel is only eighty yards wide. At high water the rocks are covered and the river is about three hundred yards wide. The difference between extreme high and low water marks is sixty feet. At low water in the fall row boats go down through the swift, sluice-like channel, and the steamboat goes back and forth without danger, but when the snows melt the volume of water surging through the chasm and over the mountainous rocks is so vast and the current so swift that no boat could live there. I was told at Kettle Falls that \$75,000 would clear out the rocks so as to make an open, wide channel. The truth is \$750,000 would not do it. Indeed, this obstacle of the Little Dalles, and that of Kettle Falls, twenty-five miles below, are such formidable barriers that there is not the least likelihood that they will be removed during this generation. Started southward at 8 o'clock, and followed our road of yesterday most of the day, turning off towards evening to go directly to Colville. Passed the abandoned buildings of Fort Colville—the usual quadrangle of barracks, officers' dwellings, etc., surrounding a parade ground, which forms all our Western military posts. Near by is a small town, almost as deserted as the old garrison. Stores, hotel and saloons are all vacant, and of two score of dwelling houses not more than four or five are occupied. This dead town was killed by a trick of a smart speculator, who discovered that no plat of it had ever been filed and that it had in consequence no legal existence. He bought land three miles away, filed a plat of a town, taking for it the name of the old town, Colville. He then induced the county officers to remove the records, and they brazenly went into court and defended their action on the ground that the law placed the county seat of Stevens County at Colville, and that the new town was the only place of the name of which any legal record could be found.

The new town of Colville, thus fraudulently brought into existence, is now the centre of mining movements for the whole valley. may grow into

another Leadville, or it may be left at one side by the future railroad, and become as dead as its predecessor. Just now it is an active little place, thronged with miners, prospectors, speculators and gamblers.

Reduction works is the cry all through the valley. That there is a great quantity of low grade silver ore in these mountains no one can now doubt. That there are at least a few veins of very rich ore is equally settled. Facilities for smelting, either here or at Spokane Falls, together with a railroad to the latter place, would make the Colville district a hive of prosperous mining industry.

THE OLD DOMINION MINE.

Nov. 29.—It is a long, steep pull from Colville up to the Old Dominion mine. People call the distance seven miles. It took us three hours, with a good team and a light wagon, to get there. Once at the mine we find ourselves nearly on the crest of a mountain ridge, overlooking the Colville Valley as far as its junction with the Columbia at Kettle Falls. We were above the clouds and could see nothing of the valley below, filled, as it was, with a white, rolling, vapory sea, from out which the mountains on the opposite side were like islands. The Old Dominion lead was found on the face of a precipitous cliff. Two levels have been run into it, the upper one about fifteen feet above the lower, and three shafts sunk on the comb of the ridge above. From four to six feet is the width of the vein. I never saw such a singular pudding-like mixture of ores. There are black sulphurets, yielding from six hundred dollars to \$1,000 to the ton, chlorides yielding about two hundred dollars, and galenas running from fifty to one hundred dollars. Probably the average value of the ore thus far taken out is about one hundred and fifty dollars, but only the rich ores are shipped, and these make more than half of the total output, and are reported to range from two hundred and fifty to six hundred dollars. They are sacked, hauled eighty miles to the railroad at Spokane Falls, and thence shipped to the reduction works at Omaha. The entire cost per ton of getting them to the works is thirty dollars. Add ten dollars for cost of mining, and it will be seen that there is a very large profit in working the Old Dominion. This lead has been traced for half a mile and is of course all claimed. Four claims are being worked—the Rustler, the Ella, the Spokane and the Silver Star, and a fifth, the Frankie Boy, has been opened on what seems to be a spur of the lead. I see no reason why all these shafts should not strike the same rich vein worked by the Old Dominion. If they do this group of productive mines will of itself make a rich and prosperous mining district, no matter what may be the outcome of the numerous other discoveries in the Colville region and in the neighboring gorge of the Upper Columbia.

We were caught by darkness to-night in the woods, trying to reach Chewelah. The team lost the road, and matters looked bad for a time, but the barking of a dog ahead put a better face on the situation. Soon a voice in the darkness answered our hail, and a tall fellow, hatless and coatless, came to our aid. His log cabin was close by. Would he take us in for the night? No; for he had no accommodations. No matter; we would sleep on the floor or in the haystack; anything was better than spending the night in the forest, with the coyotes for company. The man could not resist such an appeal to his hospitality. Our team was soon in his log stable, and he led the way to his house, a snug little affair of three rooms, comfortably accommodating his family of wife and three little children. The man told us he had been twelve years a cavalry soldier in the regular army, and had fought Indians in the Bannock and Modoc wars. When his last term of enlistment expired he married, took up a quarter section of land and built a house. He was well contented with his farm and prospects, told us how much timothy hay he had out in his meadow, how many tamarack rails he could split in a day, about his iron and sulphur mineral spring, how mild and

favorable the climate was, how he could shoot a deer any day in the woods. He regaled us with wild cherry wine of his own making, and with red Astrakan apples. To crown his hospitality he divided his bed with us, giving us one of its two straw-filled sacks, to put on the floor of the sitting-room.

HOMeward BOUND.

Nov. 30.—Occasional light, warm showers. Roads very bad—cut up by the teams hauling ore and those bringing in supplies. Made thirty-four miles before dark, along the rim of the Upper Colville Valley and over the divide separating the tributaries of the Colville from the waters running into the Spokane. This route would be practicable for a railroad and not very expensive. Met a large party of Indians on ponies. It is interesting to see with what skill children of four to five years old can ride. Even little things of two or three are tied upon ponies and taught to guide them with the rope halters fast to the animals' lower jaws. Passed an Indian family going into camp and setting up their lodge poles. Met several wagons with people and goods bound for Colville. They did not seem to know what they were going to do there this winter, but the mining excitement had reached them, and they thought "times would soon be lively in the Colville country." At our stopping place this evening is a man who used to be a conductor on the Michigan Central Railroad, and now has a ranch between Colville and the Little Dalles. He gave me information about the recent discoveries on Clughson Creek, nine miles from Colville, and on Gillette and Bruce creeks, in the same vicinity. Four mines are being opened this winter. He believed that the district would prove next spring to be as rich as that of the Old Dominion. The ore, from his description, would appear to be largely chlorides of silver, with some galena, yielding about thirty per cent of lead, and from ten to thirty dollars of silver to the ton. The creeks named head in the range of mountains which bounds the Colville Valley on the east and separates it from the narrow valley of the Pend d'Oreille. Near the mouth of Bruce's Creek, which runs into the Columbia, are the Young America and other leads discovered a few weeks ago. For many years Chinamen have worked the bars in this part of the Columbia for placer gold. They can only work at low water, but they return year after year. How much they find no one but themselves knows. White men, however, do not think the bars worth their attention.

THE JOURNEY ENDED.

Dec. 1.—"Blessed be the man who invented sleep," said Sancho Panza. "Blessed be the man who invented beds," I exclaimed last night, as I stretched myself out on the straw tick between a pair of clean sheets, in the garret of the house of a settler who was clearing a farm in the forest. There were but three other sleepers in the attic, and they had a bed apiece and were only moderate snorers. So the night was one of luxury compared with the rough experiences of the past few days. By daybreak we had breakfasted and were again on the road—the home stretch now, for this is the last of our two hundred and fifty miles' drive. At noon we emerge

from the forest upon the great, brown Spokane plain, and half an hour later the big flouring mills, the church towers, and the red walls of the Catholic College come in sight. Spokane Falls never looked like so large a place before. It really has quite a metropolitan air coming upon it so suddenly out of the great, lonesome stretches of the wilderness.

I close this journal in the hospitable home of old friends—a big, roomy, generous house, that looks out over the town, the river and the plain to the blue mountains, flecked with snow, that sentinel the distant Colville Valley. The host talks of the new railroad to be built into the Palouse country in the spring; the hostess reads the last *Oregonian*; the girls work at their embroidery; I pick up the thread of the events of the past nine days, during which I have been practically out of the world. The comforts and refinements of life never seem so attractive as after one has been forced for a time to live without them.

Let me, in conclusion, sum up in a few paragraphs the information gained during our trip to the Colville Valley and the Upper Columbia:

It seems certain that a great mining district will be developed in that region during the next two or three years. Numerous veins of silver-bearing

prospecting will be resumed with vigor in the spring. If the result is only five or six good mines, the Colville Valley will become rich and populous in a very short time. Farmers will make money as well as miners. The valley lands are all occupied mostly by old settlers of Hudson Bay Company antecedents or their half-breed descendants, but there is still considerable good agricultural and grazing land unclaimed among the foothills and on the small streams running into the Colville. Although the region lies well up towards the northern boundary of Washington, the climate is as mild as that of Cincinnati or Baltimore. A Scotchman who has lived twenty-two years on Bruce's Creek, near the Columbia, showed me his record of the weather. Cold weather sets in late in December. There are many days when the mercury goes below zero in the night, but it is always considerably above at noon during the coldest spells. Last spring the thermometer marked from seventy to eighty degrees for two weeks in March at mid-day. Settlers now have a profitable home market at the mines; they find an agreeable, healthful climate; pure water; plenty of timber; good soil for the small grains and for timothy, and favorable conditions for fruit growing. The quantity of unoccupied land is, however, quite limited.



CASTLE ROCK, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

galena ore have been discovered and opened up sufficiently to show that the deposits are extensive and will pay to work if the galena can be smelted near the mines, so that only the bars of lead and silver need be hauled out to the railroad. These veins are found in the mountains on both sides of the Colville Valley for a distance of forty miles, and also on both sides of a gap leading from the valley to the Columbia below the Little Dalles, a further distance of twenty miles.

One very rich mine of mixed chlorides, sulphurets and galena, the Old Dominion, is in highly profitable operation, seven miles from Colville, on the eastern side of the valley. This vein has been traced for half a mile and several locations made upon it, which will in all probability prove nearly, if not quite, as valuable as the Old Dominion itself.

Gold-bearing, free-milling quartz has been found near Kettle Falls, on the Columbia, a mine opened, and a stamp mill erected. This vein will doubtless afford a number of good mines. Between this gold quartz deposit and the Little Dalles silver-bearing carbonates have been found of such richness and in such quantities that they promise profitable results to mining operations.

Several hundred locations have been made and

bright, tall of mast, and flags apeak, awaiting orders. I counted them and looked up at their flags. One carried aloft the banner of beauty and glory; twenty-five bore the flag of England. Of the four that sailed yesterday, three wore the cross of St. George. Of the four that are ready, all carry the same emblem. Where are we, my countrymen? On the way hither from foreign parts, are bound thirty ships all under the British flag. There was but one American flag in port. That was on the lightship Shubrick, and was in size about that of a napkin. It looked very lonesome, indeed.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.—To overcome his natural aversion to labor, there must be the incentive given alone by a sure guarantee that the fruits of his labors shall be enjoyed in security. No man will clear forests, inclose fields and cultivate them, and rear houses and barns, when at any moment he may be removed and carried off against his will to some distant and unknown region. The ownership of land, freeholding, tends to inspire individual independence, pride of character, personal industry, and the development of the domestic virtues. Provision should be made that the Indian accepting a patent for his land shall not thereby forfeit any of his rights as a member of his tribe, nor the protection and benefit which the laws of the United States extend to Indians generally.—Secretary Lamar.

ONLY ONE AMERICAN SHIP.—Writing from Astoria, the editor of the Walla Walla Journal says: Through the misty veil that curtains the mouth of the great river, fourteen miles away, is dimly outlined the masts and rigging of four brave ships, wheat laden, waiting for the rising of the tide to pass the white caps of the middle sands, cross the harbor bar and away to distant lands. Within a stone's throw of the wharf, with bent sails, swinging round and round with the ebb and flow of the tide, are four more vessels, all wheat laden, ready and outward bound. Along the fine docks are twenty-six more good ships, clean,

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE.

The Bad Broncho.

One morning into the H. T. camp
There rode a cowboy tough;
To his saddle pommel a rope was tied,
A cayuse to the end thereof.

"Now who will ride my bully broncho?"
He cried in accents clear;
"I'll ride him," answered Buffalo Pete;
"I never saw the plug I'd fear."

Pete tightened the cinch and climbed the steed,
Which never a motion made,
And the cowboys stood around and laughed
At the stranger, who looked afraid.

"Your horse is tame as a darned old sheep,"
Cried Pete, with a ringing jeer;
"Just gimme a fist full of prairie sand
And I'll pour it into his ear."

The sand was poured, the broncho groaned,
Then bucked with all his might,
And Pete, like a shot from a Gatling gun,
Drifted clean out of sight.

On earth he ne'er again appeared,
And my story goes to show
That sometimes even the cowboy bold
May tackle the wrong broncho.

—New Mexico Stock Grower.

POISONING COYOTES AND MAGPIES.—Seeing a stockman from Eastern Oregon buying strychnine in a drug store Thursday, an Oregonian reporter inquired what it was to be used for. "To poison magpies and coyotes," was the reply. "I have poisoned over one hundred coyotes this season and hundreds of magpies." The coyote is a sneaking, thieving animal, always on the watch to catch a lamb or calf, and everyone can see the propriety of poisoning them. When the stockman goes out to round up his cattle he takes his bottle of strychnine along. The coyotes are sure to be prowling around wherever he camps, and a little of the poison on some offal puts an end to the yelping brutes. But why should a man poison the pretty magpies? It seems they are great pests on a cattle range. If a piece of meat is hung up anywhere they cluster around and devour it. If any horse or "cow critter" on the range has a sore on it the magpies endeavor to eat the unfortunate animal alive. So some strychnine on a piece of beef lays the magpie out.—Portland Oregonian.

The Difference.

"Going West" now, with or without a family, is a very different matter from what it was forty, thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago. The "emigrant wagon" is essentially a thing of the past, in nine-tenths of our unsettled regions. The railways have not only gone ahead of settlements in the unoccupied territory nearly everywhere east of the Rocky Mountains, but several lines have already crossed over the "backbone of the continent," and others are pushing on to the fine Pacific coast farming regions still awaiting the soil tillers. There are now, in the scores of millions of acres unoccupied, very few points which cannot so be reached from some railway station. Again: Such ample provisions have been made for public schools in all the newer states and territories, by reservation of land, and churches, organized government, good society, supply stores, etc., are now opening up so quickly in every new settlement, that a man with a growing family of children has but a brief time to wait for most of the advantages and conveniences found anywhere.—Mandan Pioneer.

How to Boil Water in Oregon.

Most young women who start to housekeeping directly after marrying their first husbands experience great difficulty in learning to cook, and more especially in learning how to boil water. Young men who hold down new ranches often experience the same domestic trouble. Making bread is easy enough if you have a dab of sour dough or some Royal yeast powder, and a small, hot fire. A large, cold fire is no good. But when it comes to boiling water, one great difficulty is run up against. It is a subject as deep as some of the wells the water is drawn from, and far too deep for any cook book to tackle. But it can be learned as good as mother did it, if the young cook will persevere. First capture your water. Go up the creek away to see that there are no dead sheep along the rose-bordered margin, and look well for small boys in swimming. Running water requires at least ten feet of pebbly bottom to purify itself. If the sign is favorable, dip out seventy-five or eighty coal oil cans full. Set it in the sun for

four days. At the evening of the fifth day the animalcules will have swarmed to the breath of life and will be visible to the naked eye. Get an old-fashioned fish-hook and with fat grasshopper bait catch all the pollywogs and smaller wiggletails. If it is the wrong part of the moon for them to bite, spear them. Then skim the mangled bait and fragments of halibut, suckers and tomcod off the top of the water, and it is ready to boil, after being first thoroughly dried by a south wind. If the wind is not favorable, the water should be hung up to dry in a smoke house. Never wipe water dry with a dishcloth, for the friction is apt to set it afire. Should the water be very alkaline, let your supply of next winter's pickled pork soak in it for thirty-six hours, and thus utilize the superabundant salt it contains.—Heppner (Ore.) Gazette.

A Locomotive on the Rampage.

Last Saturday evening, says the Livingston, Montana, *Enterprise*, Gus Johnson, a locomotive wiper, undertook to run one of the big consolidated locomotives, or "hogs," as they are called in railroad parlance, from near the coal sheds into the roundhouse. He got her started all right, but could not regulate the speed or stop the big machine. When he found the engine showed no signs of stopping on the turntable to be swung around, Johnson jumped and let the "hog" follow her own course. She ran right along over the turntable, crashed through the folding doors of one stall of the roundhouse and started to climb up on locomotive 171, that stood inside with her nose towards the doors. No. 171 resisted the outrage, backed up and shoved her tender clear through the brick wall of the roundhouse, which is fully fourteen inches thick. As the break was right between two windows, and the windows went with their walls, the opening only required a little trimming around the edges to be as large and clean a space as the dismantled doorway opposite. The damage to the engines was not very great. Mr. Johnson did not stop to make any explanations or take any advice, but retired precipitately, and still absents himself. The episode is nearly as remarkable as the story of the hogs that ran violently down a steep place into the sea.

Sitkan Aristocracy.

Just after dinner those who were on shipboard were honored by a visit from the flower of native Sitkan aristocracy, "Mrs. Tom," the richest woman in Alaska. She was resplendent in a gorgeous red and yellow dress, buttoned from the throat to the bottom of the skirt with half-eagles. Each arm was covered nearly to the elbow with silver bracelets, for which the Alaskan Indians are famous. She was accompanied by her husband, whom she seemed to esteem as something almost as valuable, with a difference, as her gaudy parasol or silver trinkets. It was said she procured him in the same way, i. e., bought and paid for him. His air of meekness went far to prove the truth of the assertion that women rule with a high hand in Alaska. She graciously allowed us to examine her jewelry, until one young lady, not quite understanding what a high dignity we were entreating, said, pointing to one of her bracelets, "Conche dollar?" (How much?) Her air of injured dignity should have been seen to be appreciated. Drawing herself up she looked daggers at the offender, and then, wrapping her mantle about her, refused to have anything more to say; no amount of persuasion would induce her to allow any of us to again inspect her trinkets.

I cannot close this without referring to the singularly equable climate of this northern town, which, far from being what Nasby demominated "a land of valuable snow and merchantable ice," fails to produce ice for its own use. The climate is so modified by the Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream, of Japan, that its winter temperature has for nearly fifty years averaged with that of West Virginia and Kentucky, while the summers are like those of Minnesota. The heavy rainfall is the greatest drawback, but we were singularly fortunate, both summers, in being spared a long infliction of "Alaskan weather." It will be seen that beasts of burden and vehicles of all kinds are "conspicuous by their absence," when I tell you that, save a few cows and the ill-looking Indian dogs, the domesticated live stock of Sitka is represented by a single mule, so venerable that it is a wonder he has not been captured by relic hunters long before this. The transportation facilities, as far as anything like a wagon is concerned, consist of a single handcart.—Correspondence Providence Journal.

A Female Bear-Slayer.

Mrs. Sarah Ella Davidson, of Boulder Valley, Montana, is a little black-eyed woman with a tender heart and the courage of a lioness. Last Friday, says the *Sentinel*, of Boulder, while Mr. Davidson was away from home, Mrs. Davidson and her little three-year old daughter were in the garden, about thirty yards from the house, gathering potatoes, when the child exclaimed to her mother: "There's a bear, mother—go get the gun." The mother looked up and saw three bears coming. She took her little one by the arm and led her to the house, and taking down an old trusty Sharp's rifle, "started out for bear." The dogs, in the meantime, had chased two of them away, but the third one ran into a thicket about thirty yards away from where she had stood at the time she had discovered them. She walked within fifteen steps of the thicket and kneeling upon one knee waited several moments for bruin to make his appearance, in order that she might seal his death warrant. The dogs soon chased him out; not, however, until he had snapped them right and left several times. As soon as the bear came to the edge of the thicket he stood erect with outstretched arms. While he was in that attitude she gently raised her rifle, and, without even a particle of fear, shot him through the heart. She waited only a moment for it to rise, and the bear showing no signs of life, she went directly up to it, took it by the hind leg, and, with the assistance of the dogs, soon had it at the house, and in less than thirty minutes the hide was hanging upon a peg.

This is said to be the first bear ever killed by a woman in this territory. She was asked if she felt any fear at the time, and she said: "I only had one idea in my mind at the time, and that was the bounty money; as I just needed seven dollars and fifty cents to finish paying for my sewing machine." The hide was sent to Boulder, the bounty money received, and the last payment on that sewing machine has been made.

Styles in the Bad Lands.

The Estelline (Dak.) *Bell* has been at some trouble to collect the following latest fashion notes for the benefit of its Bad Lands' readers: The "gun" is still worn on the right hip, slightly lower down than formerly. This makes it more convenient to get at during a discussion with a friend. The regular "forty-five" still remains the favorite. Some affect a smaller calibre, but it is looked upon as slightly dudish. A "forty," for instance, may induce a more artistic opening in an adversary, but the general effect and mortality is impaired. The plug of tobacco is still worn in the pocket on the opposite side from the shooter, so that when reaching for the former friends will not misinterpret the move and subsequently be present at your funeral. It is no longer considered necessary to wait for introductions before proceeding to get the drop. There will be time enough for the mere outward formalities of politeness at the inquest. The trimming of the "iron" is still classic and severe, only a row of six cartridges grouped around the central barrel being admissible. It is now considered the height of ill breeding to go into a saloon of gentlemen and announce that you are from Bitter Creek before drawing. Failure to produce the "weepins" before the formal announcement has recently been the cause of several deaths and considerable embarrassment. Gentlemen from the Creek will please remember this. Self-cockers are now the only style seen in the best circles. Much of the effectiveness of the gun was formerly destroyed by having to thumb up the hammer, especially where the person with whom you were conversing wore the self-cocking variety. It has been found that on such occasions the old-style gun was but little used, except in the way of circumstantial evidence at the inquest. Shooting from the belt without drawing is not considered hardly the thing among gentlemen who do not wish to be considered as attempting to attract notice. In cases where the gentleman with whom you are holding a joint debate already has the drop, his navy six having a hair trigger, and he being bound to shoot anyway, this style of discussion is allowable, though apt to cause a coldness to spring up. As regards the number of guns which it is admissible to wear, great latitude is allowed, from one up to four being noted on the street and at social gatherings. One or two is usually considered enough, except where a sheriff with a reputation of generally getting his man and a Winchester rifle is after you, when we cannot too strongly impress upon the mind of the reader the absolute necessity of going well heeled.

Cowboys on a Drive.

A picturesque, hardy lot of fellows, these wild cowboys, as they sit on the ground by the fire, each man with his can of coffee, his fragrant slice of fried bacon on the point of his knife-blade or sandwiched in between two great hunks of bread, rapidly disappearing before the onslaughts of appetites made keen by the pure, invigorating breezes of these high plains. See that brawny fellow with the crisp, tight-curling, yellow hair growing low down on the nape of his massive neck rising straight and supple from the low collar of his low flannel shirt, his sun-browned face, with the piercing gray eyes looking out from under the broad brim of his hat, his legs clad in the heavy "chapps" or leather overalls, stained a deep, reddish-brown by long use and ex-

their appointed station on the flank of the great drove.

The others soon follow, camp is broken, the wagon securely packed ready for the road, and the work of the day commences. The cattle seem to know what is coming. On the edges of their scattered masses the steers lift their heads and gaze, half stupidly, half frightened, at the flying horseman; as the flanks are turned they begin closing in toward one another, moving up in little groups to a common centre. Now and then a steer or some young bull, more headstrong or more terrified than his comrades, breaks away and canters off clumsily over the prairie. In a moment he is pursued, headed off, turned, and driven in towards the herd again. As the "close in mass," to use an apt military phrase, "round up" on all sides by the swift-riding cowboys, they are gently urged onward by the drivers in the rear, until the whole herd is slowly moving forward, feeding as they go, in a loose wide column, headed toward a

into one another on the distant round hill tops, covering them as with a carpet of the softest velvet. —R. F. Zogbaum, in *Harpers' Magazine*.

Storm on a Montana Horse Ranch.

The spirited picture on this page represents a herd of horses on the plains of Montana caught in a sudden storm of wind and sleet, and huddled together for protection. The countenance of each animal forcibly expresses his dissatisfaction with the situation. Horses bred out of doors are wonderfully tough, however, and safely weather the severe storms. They will pick up a living on the bunch-grass even better than cattle, pawing the snow off the tufts of herbage, and when rounded up by their owners in the spring, will be found to be fat and in excellent condition. Horse-raising is one of the most profitable of Montana's special industries.



STORM ON A MONTANA HORSE RANCH.

posure to wind and weather, his revolver in its holster swinging from the cartridge-filled belt, and his great spurs tinkling at every stride, as, having drained the last drop of coffee, he puts down the can and turns from the fire towards the horses, picking up as he goes the huge, heavy leather saddle, with its high pommel and streaming thongs of rawhide, that has served him as a pillow during the night. Quickly his "cayuse" is saddled, the great broad hair-rope girths tightly "cinched," the huge bit slipped into the unwilling mouth, and with a bound the active fellow is in the saddle. Paw, pony, paw; turn your eyes till the whites show; lay your pointed ears back; squeal and kick to your heart's content. Oh, buck away! You have found your master, for the struggle does not last long. The practiced hand, the heavy spurs and stinging quirt soon repeat the almost daily lesson, and with one last shake of the head, the wiry "cayuse" breaks into his easy lope, and away go horse and rider to

break in the mountain that indicates the mouth of the canon through which it is to pass.

Very slowly and cautiously the herd moves forward; sometimes there is a halt in front; those in the rear crowd up more closely; very gently, and with soothing cries, the experienced cowboys urge them on again. It is ticklish work, for a momentary panic may drive scores of them down the precipitous sides of the mountain.

And now the canon widens, and, succeeding the high rock walls and great trees, its sides gradually merge into gently rising grass-covered slopes; the river, too, is broader, its surface shining like polished silver, and betraying its onward movement only by an occasional soft ripple and low lap-lap of the water against its overhanging banks, from which, breathing out the sweet fragrance of thousands of newly opened buds, the wild rose bushes hang down their slender branches. Away up the slopes, dancing and nodding their pretty heads in the soft breeze, the gayly colored wild flowers, yellow sunflowers, daisies, blue harebells, mingle their bright hues, melting

FREAKS.—Our Eastern readers will smile when they read that fruit trees in Walla Walla are blossoming the second time, and the variety known as Red June has the second crop large enough to use; or that plum trees near Pomeroy, which have shed their leaves, have, since the rain, put forth new leaves and are now in as full bloom as they could be in the spring. Such is the case, nevertheless.—*Colfax (Wash. Ter.) Gazette*.

A family enjoyed the services of a neat-handed little waitress of Irish extraction, who proved herself very fond of using any large words she might hear at the table. On one occasion a young lady spoke of "Kismet," and upon being questioned as to the meaning of the word, explained that it was fate. A few days afterward, Biddy, having spent rather a longer time than usual in dressing to wait for dinner, her mistress inquired as to the cause, and was told: "Sure, ma'am, I was washing my kismet."—*Alta California*.

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A simple-hearted and truly devout country minis-
ter, who had tasted but few of the drinks of the
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a glass of milk punch was set down by each plate.
In silence this new vicar of Wakefield quaffed his
goblet, and then added, "Madame, you should daily
thank God for such a good cow."

The Northwest

Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Literature, Agriculture and Western Progress.

[Entered at the Post Office as Second-class Matter.]

E. V. SMALLEY, - - - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, JAN., 1886.

We find this paragraph going the rounds of the Dakota papers: "A Dakota man has practically solved the fuel problem. He has invented a press for pressing hay or straw into convenient shape for burning which is very simple in mechanism." Now who is this Dakota man? Let his name be proclaimed. If his invention is not a humbug, he is a public benefactor.

COL. GILBERT A. PIERCE, governor of Dakota, while in St. Paul recently expressed regret that he had not settled in the Northwest years ago. He said that there were more openings for young men in this country than in any other part of the United States; and that the ambitious and energetic man, no matter what his calling, could not make a mistake to locate in the booming and prosperous Northwest.

Gov. SQUIRE of Washington Territory, in his report to Secretary Lamar, gives the population of the territory at 129,438, an increase of 36,930 in two years. The assessed value of property is \$50,484,437, and there are yet 23,000,000 acres of public lands unsurveyed, of which 16,000,000 are good agricultural and timber land. The governor states that by the territorial census of 1885 there were 3,276 Chinese residents in the Territory.

ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER BUCKLEY has ordered that in employing men in the service of the western divisions of the Northern Pacific Railroad preference be given to married men. This is a sensible order. It will secure the services of steady, settled men, and besides tends to populate the new regions tributary to the road. Bachelors are not of much account anyhow in the economy of human life. It is every man's duty to provide for himself a representation in the coming generation.

THE announcement that the Union Pacific Railroad Company is going to build a line from Dillon to Helena in the spring is doubtless made in the hope that it will frighten the Northern Pacific from building from Garrison to Butte. The latter road can be built for \$1,000,000, and will pay handsomely from the day it is opened, whereas a road from Dillon, over the Rockies and through the Jefferson canon to the Three Forks of the Missouri, and thence to Helena, would cost \$3,000,000 at least, and be of very doubtful success financially. If the Union Pacific wants to come east of the mountains in Montana, Bozeman is its best objective point.

GRANVILLE STUART attended the recent Montana stockmen's convention, and in support of a resolution calling upon Congress to open the reservations to settlement, he made a characteristic speech, holding that there is no sense in taking the Indians from the present reservations and in locating them in the Indian Territory. He spoke for the entire Northwest, which is cursed by Indian reservations as large as states; the Crow reservation was cited as one hundred by three hundred miles, inhabited by 1,000 ragamuffins who do nothing but steal from their neighbors; and demanded that the Indian be given his land severally, and let him be dismounted and disarmed.

THE James River Valley Road has been completed from Jamestown to La Moure, D. T., to the great joy of the settlers along the line, who have now an outlet for their crops, and a convenient way of getting to either of the growing towns which form the present termini of the line. Next year the road will probably be extended southward twenty-five miles from La Moure to Ellendale, thus closing up the gap between the railroad systems in Northern Dakota, a thing very much needed. At present the only railroad communication between the two sections of the Territory is by a roundabout route through Minnesota.

MINNEAPOLIS is steadily keeping up its reputation for enterprise and public spirit in the erection of handsome business buildings. The Lumber Exchange, with its nine brown-stone stores, Temple Court, the Corn Exchange, the Collom and Stillman blocks, with their richly carved stone fronts, the Lee building, and several other fine structures, are noble and conspicuous monuments of the progress of 1885. The total expenditures for new buildings of all kinds during the year was \$8,484,165, against \$7,621,950 in 1884. On residences alone \$4,690,540 were spent. These are astonishing figures, produced as they are, in a year of comparative business lethargy. The record surpasses that of any previous year. During the past five years Minneapolis has spent almost \$40,000,000 in new structures.

THE building record of St. Paul for the past year is fully as gratifying as that of Minneapolis; indeed these sister and neighbor cities are, beyond any possibility of reasonable question in either, still advancing at an equal rate of progress. Taking the *Pioneer Press* (whose figures concerning Minneapolis we have also quoted) as an authority, St. Paul erected 3,507 buildings in 1885, at a total cost of \$9,107,700, against 2,383 in 1884, at a cost of \$7,266,477. The expenditures on residences in 1885 were \$4,363,000; on business blocks, \$1,859,400, and on miscellaneous buildings, \$2,881,300. The prospects in both cities are that the figures of 1886 will surpass the remarkable record of 1885.

THE Hayes farm, near Bismarck, D. T., has been sold at a reported price of \$16,000. It consists of eight hundred acres, and was selected in 1877 by Col. W. R. Rogers, private secretary of President Hayes. The purchaser is Col. Guitner. This farm has served an excellent purpose in demonstrating the productiveness of the soil of the Missouri slope near Bismarck. The fact that President Hayes was interested in it served during the earlier days of the

settlement of Northern Dakota as a good advertisement for that region. Crops have been wonderfully good on the Hayes farm for the past seven years. Last season it produced 6,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000 bushels of oats, and 900 bushels of barley.

EVERYTHING promises well for the success of the St. Paul ice palace and winter carnival. The mildness of November made some people sceptical as to whether building material for the palace would be forthcoming; but early in December Winter got his accustomed grip in the Mississippi, and the ice is already of sufficient thickness for use in building the walls of the structure. The carnival promises to inaugurate a new era in winter life in the Northwest. Our neighbors, the Canadians, have always made cold weather a season for sports and festivities; but we Americans are too much in the habit of shivering up in our houses during the cold season, or seeking relaxation in a social way in over-heated parlors or public halls. When properly clad, the dweller in these northern regions can find a great deal of exhilarating enjoyment in out door movements and diversions. With the growing tendency to give more attention to healthful sports in the open air, there is reason to hope that our winter carnival here in St. Paul will create a widespread interest, and lead in future years to similar movements in other cities.

THE ADMISSION OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

At this time, December 14th; it is impossible to estimate what the legislature of South Dakota will do, or how far it will go in establishing and maintaining a state government without the authority of Congress. One faction would have them ignore the territorial form of government, refuse to pay taxes to the territory, and provide for taxation on account of the new state, and do everything to sustain the state government that men can do except to fight for it. Another faction would have them simply elect two United States senators, with instructions to go and present their claims to the Senate merely as delegates, elected without any authority, and if refused admission to come home and wait patiently until Congress gets ready to act in the matter. Still another class, and THE NORTHWEST is heartily in sympathy with the latter, would have them elect their senators; divide the state into congressional, judicial and legislative districts; provide for an election next fall and for a meeting of the legislature next December; provide for the assessment and collection of taxes; for refunding the bonds issued for the construction of the territorial institutions situated in South Dakota; adopt the laws of Dakota so far as they are applicable to the new constitution and not in conflict with the laws enacted by them; provide for a special session of the legislature, should the governor deem one necessary, and adjourn. Of course all this, until confirmed by Congress, could only be looked upon as another form of petition, but the good sense of the people of Dakota would appear to such excellent advantage that their cause would be wonderfully strengthened. THE NORTHWEST believes that such a petition, presented in such a way, ought to be regarded, and that Congress ought to make haste to admit them under the constitution they have framed, changing the name to South Dakota, for the interest of the North in the old name is certainly equal to that of the South, and the people of the North are as sensitive upon the question of name as those of the South, but are willing to take for themselves the name North.

Judge Gifford has wisely suggested that the North hold a convention some time during the month of January to take action in relation to the division of Dakota and the admission of the southern half as a state. It is to be hoped that such action will be taken. If the true sentiment of the people of the North in relation to this matter were known, it would tend to bring about a better feeling between the two sections, and convince Congress that there is no conflict between them.

The Tax Title Question.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. CO., LAND DEP'T.,
ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 15, 1885.

A. H. Laughlin, Esq., Lisbon, Dak.,

DEAR SIR: Replying to your letter of the ninth instant, I beg to say that there are no grounds for any anxiety concerning Northern Pacific titles on the

can be reasonably accomplished. We had rather take chances on having to post a new man on the duties of the position, for we do not believe another equal obstructionist could be found in the whole country.
—*Helena (Mont.) Herald.*

CIVILIZING THE INDIAN.—Gen. Brisbin recently visited the Rosebud Indian Agency to witness

would break a leg, and so on. The poor animal would be tortured by slow degrees, his death being put off as long as possible so the sport might last longer. "And this was the Government of the United States method of issuing beef to its Indians, encouraging them to be barbarous and cruel, making a gala day of its meat issue, and giving the young warriors a chance to learn to shoot well and ride well, so that



PORTLAND BUSINESS MEN.—LOUIS EPPINGER, FAMOUS CATERER,
PROPRIETOR OF "THE GILMAN."



PORTLAND BUSINESS MEN.—A. M. SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE
OREGON POTTERY COMPANY.

part of those who have purchased lands. The recent decision of the supreme court in the Traill County tax case is no new doctrine. It is simply a reaffirmation by the United States Supreme Court of its decision made at the December term, 1872. Railroad Company vs. Prescott in 16 Wallace, p. 603, United States Supreme Court Reports.

The Northern Pacific Company has made selections of, and paid the fees of, register and receivers on all the odd-numbered sections in your region; and now that tax question has been settled by the courts, the company will proceed to complete its title by the payment of the survey fees and the patents may then be demanded. The recent decision does not in any way affect the titles or rights of the Northern Pacific Company to its land.

I am, yours truly,

CHAS. B. LAMBORN,
Land Commissioner.

DAMAGE DONE BY SPARKS.—Sparks has caused loss and unnecessary expense to thousands of poor settlers reaching to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and really taken the bread out of the mouths of hundreds of families on the frontier. Whether it is ignorance or suspicion on his part matters little. The results have been baneful to the country in every respect, and to the Northwest he has made himself an intolerable nuisance and obstructionist, staying and turning back the tide of settlement and throwing doubt upon all the land titles acquired for many years. Sparks might do for minister to Austria, but in the name of all the people and interests of the Northwest, we pray that he may be put out of the land office as soon as it

an issue of Uncle Sam's beef to the red children of the prairie. He found that the beef was issued on the hoof, and the braves were armed with repeating rifles and revolvers to do the butchering. First one young warrior would shoot a horn off, then another

they can kill my soldiers more readily and kill citizens better if they should go to war." That sort of thing must be stopped.

SHE A-A-TE-ATE.—It was in California. Judge Blank asked after the health of a gentleman's wife. "She's si-si-sick," said the husband, who stuttered. "I'm very sorry to hear that. Not seriously, I hope?" "She a-a-te-ate cucumbers." "Great heavens! Ate eight cucumbers? I should think she would be ill!"

FAIRMING IN NEW JERSEY.—Man in a carriage (to farmer in the field), "That corn doesn't look as though you'd get more'n half a crop." Farmer in the field (to man in a carriage), "Don't expect to—I'm working it on shares." "I mean you won't get much to the acre." "Don't expect to—only got half an acre."

HE HAD A BAD MEMORY.—Magistrate: "Ever been arrested before?" Prisoner: "No, sah." Magistrate: "Didn't I send you to the Island last winter for ten days?" Prisoner: "I declar's to goodness, now I looks at yo', judge, I b'lieves yo' did. But I'se a poo' han' to 'member faces."

NOT A GOOD TIME.—Mother: "Did you have a good time at the party, Michael?" Michael: "No, I didn't; I got up on the floor to dance with Mary Maguire, and we got through all right until some one shouted, 'Sashay all!' Mary didn't have a sash and I didn't, and so we had to get off the floor."



PORTLAND BUSINESS MEN.—J. B. CONGLE.

Biographical Sketches of Prominent Portland (Oregon) Business Men.

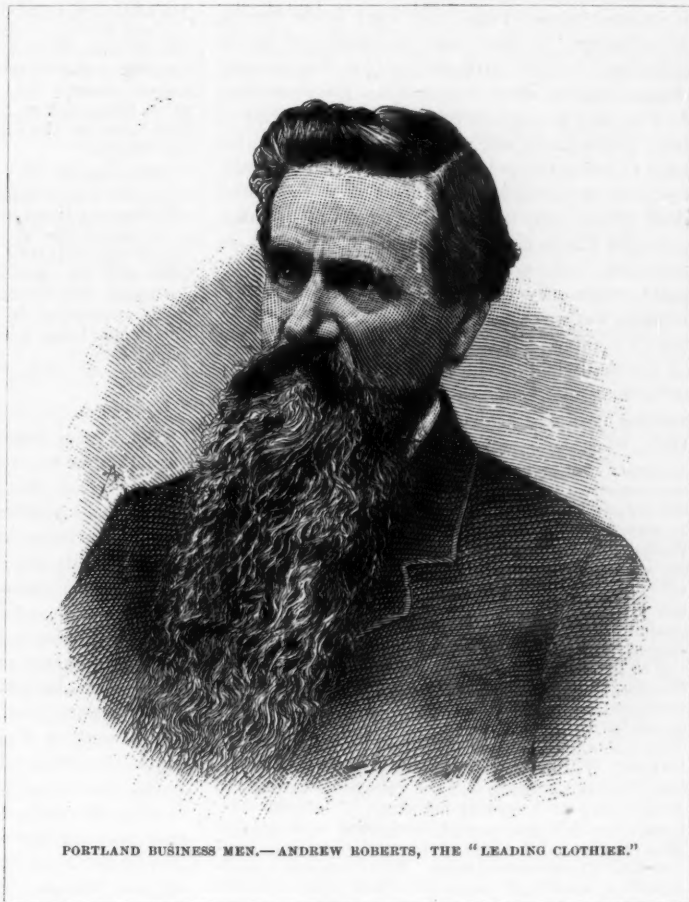
A. M. SMITH,
Who is now president of the Oregon Pottery Company, was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, on

only two other factories in America which make the celebrated "slip glazed" stoneware. The immense business now under the direction of Mr. Smith is a pleasing contrast to the small beginning of his early efforts in the same line when he used to load the weeks' product of his diminutive works

the Pacific Northwest. The untiring energy and good business qualifications of Mr. A. M. Smith have been the factors most prominent in bringing about this success. Mr. Smith is a member of thirty-three years' standing of the Methodist Church, and has for many years been a trustee



PORTLAND BUSINESS MEN.—HON. G. SHINDLER, OF SHINDLER & CO.,
FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS.



PORTLAND BUSINESS MEN.—ANDREW ROBERTS, THE "LEADING CLOTHIER."

the eighth of August, 1839. In 1842 he removed to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he was engaged in farming until twenty years of age. His father was the founder of the public school system of Iowa, and established the first graded school in that State. Mr. Smith obtained a good public school education, although it was secured by overcoming the many difficulties that menace the student in new and sparsely settled countries. He worked on the farm all through the summers and attended the neighboring school during the winters only. Shortly after reaching his majority he was engaged for a time in teaching in the public schools in Iowa. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he shouldered his musket and, with the Twenty-fourth Iowa Infantry, marched to the defense of his country. After the close of the war he came to Oregon, reaching there with his family in 1865. He immediately commenced the work of manufacturing pottery at Buena Vista. In 1881 he removed to Portland, establishing there a general office and headquarters for his fast-increasing business. About a year and a half ago he organized the Oregon Pottery Company, with headquarters also at Portland. Mr. Smith was elected its president. Operations were entered into on a large scale. Extensive works were erected, which, in connection with the works at Buena Vista which Mr. Smith still operates, can now justly be termed one of the leading manufacturing industries of Oregon. They employ a large number of workmen and turn out stoneware and pottery of all kinds which has no superior in the United States. In fact there are

in a one-horse wagon and drive to the neighboring town of Albany, and there would have to coax and barter with the merchants to induce them to purchase his wares. The unvarying excellence

of the Taylor Street Methodist Church of Portland. We present in this number Mr. Smith's portrait, and also a picture of his handsome residence.

ANDREW ROBERTS.

The subject of this brief memoir is a native of "the land o' cakes," having been born in Dundee in 1830. In 1841 he came to New York, where he remained ten years. The California fever singled him out as one of its victims in 1851, and he started for the land of gold by the Isthmus route. After a year's sojourn in San Francisco he came to Portland and embarked in the clothing business with the late Patrick Raleigh, a partnership which continued until 1854-5. Mr. Roberts then removed to Corvallis, which was then the natural head of easy navigation on the Willamette, and was associated with the Hon. Joseph Avery for several years. In 1863 when the Boise mining excitement broke out, Mr. Avery sent Mr. Roberts up to open out a branch at Umatilla Landing, but he returned to Portland in the following year. In 1871 the old clothing firm of Kohn & Fishel was dissolved, and Mr. Fishel formed a co-partnership with Mr. Roberts, which was productive of good results to both, but on account of illness Mr. Fishel removed to California, leaving Mr. Roberts to "go it alone." That he is amply able to do so, is evinced by the rush of trade to his place of business, and his personal popularity is second to that of no business man in Oregon. Blessed with robust health as the natural result of a clear conscience, Andrew Roberts can count on a legion of friends on any occasion. He pays the highest rent



PORTLAND, OREGON.—RESIDENCE OF A. M. SMITH, ESQ.

of the output, however, soon created a demand, since which time there has been a regular succession of enlargements of the works, until now the Oregon Pottery Company dominates the trade in

of any business house in Portland, in proportion to the space occupied by him, and says he would not move for any inducement. Portland has no more generally respected citizen in all the area of her crowded streets.

JOHN B. CONGLE,

whose pleasant face and still athletic figure are so well known to all old residents of Portland, was born in Chester County, Penn., and went South during his minority. Shortly after he became of age he came back to his birthplace, only to find so many changes that his early home had but few attractions for him, and he concluded to join the great army of lusty young giants who were moving out West. He went to Lafayette, Ind., where he married and settled down to his trade of harnessmaker, remaining there till the news of gold discoveries in California prompted him to make another and a longer move westward. He arrived in California in 1849 and made some money with which he started back to Indiana, but was unable to content himself in so tame a country. In 1853 he came West again with all his family and concluded to try Oregon instead of California. Corvallis, then called Marysville, was selected by him as his home, and there he lived till 1861, when he removed to Portland. During his residence in Corvallis he was elected sheriff of Benton County, a trust that he filled with a great deal of fidelity, and on the incorporation of that little city he was chosen its first mayor. Since his residence in Portland he has served three terms in the city council, and was a member of the legislative assembly in 1872 from Multnomah County. Of late years he has withdrawn entirely from political affairs and attended closely to his business. In 1883 he was elected president of the Mechanics Fair Association and to his diligence much of the success of that exhibition in the past two years is due. Mr. Congle's twilight life has been a very happy one, and Portland boasts no brighter fireside than his unpretentious little home. His eldest daughter is the wife of Hon. Richard Williams, who represented Oregon in the Forty-fourth Congress, and the younger is married to John B. Wyatt, a leading merchant of Astoria. Mr. Congle's wife is prominently identified with several local charities and is one of the most practical of all Portland's benevolent ladies. Mr. Congle is a well-preserved man and looks to be still good for many years of usefulness to his adopted State, which boasts no fairer-minded man nor more exemplary citizen.

LOUIS EPPINGER.

The rotund face and smiling features accompanying this sketch will never be forgotten by any of the participants in Villard's great ride across the continent in 1883. And even those who in the palmy days of the Comstock ledge remember him as a prospective millionaire, pronounce this a first-class likeness of a representative Pacific Coaster.

Louis Eppinger was born in the German empire in 1831, and came to the United States during his minority. He came to Cincinnati and in 1847 was employed, first as bell-boy and then as night-clerk, at the old Galt House in the Queen City, from which he was promoted to be manager. Here he continued for four years, when he was offered the position of manager of the Bates House in Indianapolis. He remained there from January, 1852, until March, 1856, when he caught the California fever and embarked for the new El Dorado. In March, 1857, he leased the bar on the popular steamer Gov. Dana, plying between Sacramento and Marysville, on which favorite high-flyer he remained until she was broken up and her engines placed in a quartz mill. Louis then went ashore and took the bar at the St. George Hotel, kept by Gen. C. I. Hutchinson. In 1861 the town was drowned out by a freshet, and Louis was attracted by the new discoveries of silver on Mount Davidson and packed his gripsack for the land of Washoe.

Fortune favored him, and never was man more popular. His business being prosperous, he soon made some valuable mining investments and, after four years' residence in the most desolate portion of God's footstool, returned to California and opened the famous "Bureau" on Halleck Street, at the rear of the Bank of California. This led to an acquaintance with the late William C. Ralston, who put Mr. Eppinger in the way of some very profitable stock

operations. In 1874 he was worth nearly \$500,000, but followed his old patron's fortunes until, in 1876, he awoke one day to find Ralston dead, the Bank of California insolvent, and himself without a dollar. Many a man has gone crazy through less misfortune.

Mr. Eppinger took things more philosophically and stayed in San Francisco till the fall of 1877, when he packed his trunk and started for Portland where he opened a small place on Morrison Street in which he made \$18,000 in a little over two years. Through the advice of injudicious friends he was induced to embark all his profits of this business in a new place too far down town to enjoy any business after dark. So long as the Villard boom lasted, Eppinger made money though his expenses were enormous. No other restaurant on the Pacific Coast ever approached this house as the visitors of the Villard's excursion can testify.

The crash of 1884 came, and Louis was bankrupt, but such a man cannot long remain idle. He leased the Esmond Hotel and once more rallied about him a legion of liberal patrons. Six months later the house was destroyed by fire and poor Louis did not even save his clothes. In the following December he leased the Gilman House where he now holds forth surrounded by a host of friends. No man on the Pacific Coast is better known or more deservedly popular.

HON. G. SHINDLER

was born Feb. 24, 1829, in Mollis, Canton Glarus, Switzerland. After receiving a thorough public school education, he was admitted into a large factory, employing some four hundred hands, of which his father was superintendent and manager, the business being the printing of fabrics in colors. There being several boys in the family who wished to emigrate to the United States, the parents concluded to sell their property and do so. They arrived in Green County, Wisconsin, in the spring of 1848. The subject of this sketch asked permission of his parents to go to Galena, Illinois, where he apprenticed himself to E. Graham, Esq., a large manufacturer of furniture, becoming a very skillful workman in four years. In 1852 he left Galena for California. After trying the mines he went to San Francisco, and shortly after entered into partnership with A. Hungren, securing machinery suitable for the manufacture of furniture, and renting power of the Phoenix Mills on Market Street. Shortly after they started the mill burned down. Next day the young men bought a horse power and started in a brick building on Jackson Street, making and selling their furniture. In the spring of 1857, Oregon attracted their attention, and in May of that year Mr. Shindler was married, and in a few days they moved machinery and goods to Portland, Oregon, where they bought property on the corner of First and Salmon streets. Here the furniture business was carried on until the great August fire of 1873, which caused the firm a loss of some \$80,000. After the fire the firm of Hungren & Shindler immediately resumed business, and in April of the following year they organized and merged their business into the Oregon Furniture Manufacturing Company, of which Mr. Shindler was made vice president, occupying that position some four years.

In the fall of 1877, Mr. Shindler sold his stock in the Oregon Furniture Manufacturing Company, and formed a copartnership with F. S. Chadbourne in the same line of business, whose interest he purchased in 1881, changing the firm name to G. Shindler & Co. Having strong faith that Portland must become a manufacturing centre, in 1878 the mill site of twelve acres with water power was purchased, at Willsbury, four miles from Portland on the Oregon & California Railroad, and this plant is the most complete and best equipped furniture factory in the Northwest. There is hardly a house, school, or church but has some work that has passed through this establishment.

This pioneer manufacturer has been a deacon of the First Congregational Church of this city the last twenty-six years. He is the chairman of the executive board of the Home Missionary Society for Oregon and Washington, of which the parent society in New York expended through this board some \$23,000 for the year just past. He is also a member of the board of trustees of the Pacific University at Forest Grove.

At the request of several hundred Swiss citizens the Swiss government appointed Mr. Shindler its consul for Oregon, Washington and Idaho—a most

honorable and responsible position—the United States Government confirmed and recognized the appointment promptly, being the first official document received in Oregon under the new administration.

In speaking with Mr. S. of the wisdom of getting a manufactory located a short distance from the city. He said: "I prefer to be out of town. You see of the fifty men employed at the factory, nearly all the married, and some of the single, men own their homes on the flat of from one lot to two acres, and on the hill some own as high as twenty acres. No rents to pay, and their living expenses are one-half what they would be in town, and school and church privileges almost as good."

Sod Buildings.

A sod room, well built, and attached to each farm residence in the great West and Northwest, would well repay the cost of its construction. A sod stable is warmest in winter and coolest in summer, as well as freest from flies, gnats and mosquitoes. Each wall should be three or four feet thick—at bottom, and from two to three feet thick at top, so as to be self-supporting, and high enough to allow for settling. After placing each layer of sod, all the crevices should be filled with fine earth or mortar, and smoothed on top to receive the next layer. Windows in sod rooms should be double. That is, one sash at each edge of the wall. All outside doors should be protected by a small entrance room built around them, and all cracks around both windows and doors should be well plastered before cold weather. Sod rooms for a dwelling-house must be lined inside with well-fitting, smooth boards. Stables will do quite well without a lining. The outside door to the entrance of all stables should open outward, otherwise a small drift of snow inside may compel one to break down the door in order to effect an entrance, and sifting snow will find its way through the outside door. The outside door to dwellings should open inward. Precaution, such as here hinted at, will secure comfortable quarters in cold weather.—*American Agriculturist for November.*

Smelting Works at Fargo.

Should the project to establish smelting works at Fargo prove successful, traffic on the Red River will be largely increased. The ore is to be shipped mostly from islands in Lake Winnipeg, where iron in great quantity abounds, by boat to Fargo. As the shipping is all to be done in the summer time and as the company will undertake to reduce the ore at the rate of forty tons per day it will be seen that the carrying trade in this line will be quite heavy. The boats so employed should be able to ship freight down the river at a low rate. We can doubtless have a reduced rate on lumber from Grand Forks, which would give our dealers here an important advantage. The men who have bought the iron works at Fargo are said to have practical knowledge of their business and are backed up with the necessary capital. The duty on pig iron is seven dollars per ton, whereas on the ore it is only seventy-five cents per ton. Hence, the necessity of manufacturing it on this side. When Pembina is provided with better railroad accommodation it will be a more suitable place than Fargo for such an industry as this, for the reason that the river is navigable here at times when it is not further south.—*Pembina (Dak.) Pioneer-Express.*

Manufactures in Montana.

Well, what are we going to manufacture? We have no hard wood. True, but we have the red or Oregon fir, which is as good, if not better, than the average hard wood that comes here in plows, implement handles, etc. We can and ought to make all our own flour. We have the best of wheat. We ought to produce all our own pork, bacon, hams and lard. All our own blankets and woollen goods. We have the best of wool. All our own printing, writing and wrapping paper. The best of material in old tents, wagon covers, cotton shirts, overalls, etc., is rotting about our farm houses. Our own powder. Freight is much cheaper on saltpetre and sulphur than on powder, and we have an abundance of alder and willow for coal. All our own common furniture and bedsteads. We have aspen and cottonwood in abundance. All our own tubs and pails. All our brooms. We can raise a small and finer broom corn that will make better brooms than those we get from the States. All our own matches. Hundreds of others will follow these and we can grow food for them all. We have plenty of coal and the best of water powers to drive them.—*Correspondence Helena (Mont.) Herald.*



It is a great mistake on the part of the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific Railroad companies to allow the Oregon & California Railroad to fall into the hands of the Central Pacific. The Portland through trade is not a big enough plum to be divided into three bites with any satisfaction to the biters. The Oregon & California will be a good property as soon as its San Francisco connection is made; yet the two companies having the greatest interest in keeping a third transcontinental line out of Oregon are allowing the Central to swallow it without manifesting any emotion at the performance.

On a railway train in Montana one day in November, I fell into conversation with an old frontiersman, who said he was attracted to the far West by reading, when a boy, a novel called "Leni Leoti, or the Prairie Flower." I remember the book well and the fascination it exercised on my boyish imagination. Neither of us could recall the author's name or say whether he ever saw the scenes he described. A few days later, in Portland, I picked up Gray's history of Oregon and, opening it at random, read among the names of the emigrants who arrived in the Willamette Valley in 1840, "William Johnson, author of the novel *Leni Leoti, or the Prairie Flower*." "The subject," says Gray, "was first written and read before the Lyceum at Oregon City in 1843."

In entering upon the duties of secretary of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, Prof. Phelps, who lately held a like position at Winona, delivered a very suggestive practical address on the importance of manufactures to a city's growth and the ways and means of building up manufacturing industries in St. Paul. Prof. Phelps is credited with having contributed to an important extent to the recent remarkable development of Winona as an industrial centre, and it is expected that his labors in St. Paul will produce similar results. These labors will be based on the cheap Iowa coal and on a reasonable amount of public spirit among the citizens of St. Paul. As an adjunct Prof. Phelps insists on manual training in the schools to develop the constructive and inventive faculty in children, and thus train a generation of artisans, designers and inventors, skilled in the use of tools and machinery and in dealing with the materials of productive industry.

HEN TRACK ENGRAVINGS.—The daily newspapers have been seized with a picture-making craze. Each has a so-called artist, who with a scratch-awl and jack-knife, produces crude and abominable attempts at engraving. Thus portraits are turned out which nobody can recognize, and landscapes which look like nothing in the heavens or upon the earth. A Chicago paper illustrates Jenny June's letters from Europe in this style, half a dozen crooked lines serving for the castle of Dusseldorf, and a few hen tracks for the palace of Schonbrunn. A St. Paul paper does up the Ryan reception in a score of scratches, one alleged picture representing two men drinking wine at a supper at which no wine was served. They have all got it badly, this craze, and the country weeklies chip in with stereotype plates furnished by an association for a little more than the cost of the type metal. All this is not art in any sense of the word, and we question whether it is sound journalism. By and by the papers will discover that the public don't want barbarous attempts at engraving served up with their daily news, and then the business of publishing pictures will be left to the monthlies and high class illustrated weeklies, where it belongs. Even if the engraving work for a daily could be well done in the short time available, the cheap paper and rapid press-work would spoil the effect of the pictures.

THE new road to be constructed from Spokane Falls, W. T., southward in the Palouse country as a feeder to the Northern Pacific Railroad, will traverse one of the finest agricultural regions in the world, already tolerably well settled as Western regions go, but containing untilled farming lands sufficient to support ten times its present population. Probably the first terminus of the road will be at Palouse City, about seventy-five miles from Spokane Falls, but it will undoubtedly be extended, at no distant day, through what is known as the Genesee country to the vicinity of Lewiston, Idaho, and thence easterly into the so-called Potlatch country, drained by the Clearwater River. I drove through this country in the summer of 1882. Never had I seen such magnificent crops of wheat as were then ripening. The stalks grew of an almost equal height, and the heads were so close together that the fields looked as if solidly floored with the green and golden grain. Chas. B. Wright, Jr., son of Chas. B. Wright, of Philadelphia, is actively interested in this new road, and is showing much of the good judgment and business sagacity which have made his father so successful in railroad matters.

I SPENT a week in Portland, Oregon, in November. The leading topic of interest there was the rapid construction of the Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and the probable effect of the completion of that line to Puget Sound on the grain trade and general business of the Oregon metropolis. Most people looked with disfavor on the building of the Cascade branch. There were some, however, who took a much wiser view, saying that Washington is destined to be a great State, and must inevitably have direct railway communication between its eastern and western sections; that the grain surplus of the country east of the Cascades is already so great as to tax the utmost carrying capacity of the single track Oregon Railway & Navigation Company down the Columbia to Portland; and that the further increase in this surplus will furnish business enough for a road to the Sound without in the least diminishing the wheat trade of Portland. This seems to me a sensible view. Portland ought to double her population and business during the next ten years from its trade and manufacturing relations with the territory naturally tributary to it, without any reference to the effect of the Cascade line in building up a considerable city on Puget Sound.

It is time that the telegraph operators in Minnesota and Dakota, who furnish Associated Press dispatches, should cease to use the word "blizzard" with such freedom and frequency. Every mild snow-storm which occurs is telegraphed over the country as a "blizzard." I was in Dakota in November, when the first snowfall of the season occurred. It was a slight affair, not over two inches, and there was no wind blowing, but I read in the St. Paul papers next day at least half a dozen dispatches from Dakota towns, stating that a "blizzard" was raging. Properly speaking, a blizzard means a high wind, carrying small, dry particles of snow, which so pelt the eyeballs and obscure the landscape as to make movement out of doors quite disagreeable and sometimes perilous. Such storms are of rare occurrence. I believe it was the late Mr. Redfield, of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, an excellent, conscientious journalist, who first made the word known throughout the country. He was sent out to Bismarck by Murat Halstead, soon after the railroad reached that point, to report on the winter climate. Redfield was one of the brightest newspaper men and best fellows that ever lived; but he was consumptive, and his home was in the mild climate of Tennessee. The winter was unusually severe that year, and to the delicate Southerner the Dakota cold was a terror. He wrote about it in his best and most graphic style, and the impression made by his letters, which were widely copied, has not yet been wholly removed from the public mind. Mr. Redfield died about four years ago while serving as Washington correspondent of the *Commercial*.

Settlement of Northern Minnesota.

In an interview published in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, Chas. B. Wright, Esq., one of the oldest members of the Northern Pacific board of directors, says:

The Northern Pacific property is of greater value to-day than it ever was before, and that value is constantly enhancing, and this being perfectly well known to everybody through the territory traversed by the road, it would not be surprising if the people at large were gradually coming to a knowledge of the facts. Take the one item of new settlement for an illustration. There are people enough going into the Northern Pacific's territory to-day to make the road rich. I have been through Minnesota, from place to place, and must say I was amazed to see the people coming in there even at this time of year. The land department finds the demand for lands never was anything like as great in November as it is now. The company is now taking up lands within the indemnity limits, that is, within the forty miles on each side of the track allowed by the grant to make up any deficiencies occurring within the twenty miles limits. The agents of the company are making choice of some of the finest lands in Minnesota, and the lands are in demand at high prices. Lands were sold at seven dollars an acre when I was there, nearly forty miles from the main line. The branch roads that are reaching out on each side of the main stem are bringing some of the most fertile sections of the Northwest into the markets, and these sections are filling up at an astonishing pace. You will find that there will be lands enough east of the Missouri applicable to the retirement of the preferred stock to reduce that stock by not less than \$15,000,000 at present prices.

Comparisons are Healthy.

The Heppner herder is just as independent as any Russian duke. The duke can spend the summer in the Ural Mountains and return in fall to his winter palace in Moscow, while the herder can spend his summers keeping off varmint in the Blue Mountains and return in fall to his winter palace in a gulch or seam of the Heppner Hills. There may be some difference in the two institutions, but the herder is really more independent than the duke. The herder can cook his own grub and do his own washing or let it slide, just as he likes. These blessed privileges are denied the duke, and he has to eat his food freshly cooked every day, perhaps from the hands of a Polish nobleman in disguise who has had his heritage crushed out by the iron heel of Russian despotism. Not so with the Heppner herder. He can cook up a camp-kettle of beans and eat them warmed over for a week if they don't sour, and he knows that nobody is going to put Nihilist bombs in his beanpot. He can illuminate his winter palace with a piece of an old flannel shirt soaked in mutton tallow while the duke has his eyes dazzled with glittering gas. On Sundays the herder will get no more punishment from wind or weather than he does on week days, while the poor noble duke will be bored by long sermons in the Greek church. And finally, when the herder's long day is finished, and he has eaten his supper, he can stretch out on his woolly-side-up sheep-pelts and soft saddle-blankets and sleep in the safe security that few people are bothering their heads about his dreams, and that he cares not a cuss as to whether they are or not. And while he sleeps his faithful collies will ward off wolves and pole-cats from the fold.—*Heppner (Or.) Gazette*.

Too Far North.

The foreman of a grain farm, three hundred miles west of Winnipeg, Manitoba, writes, under date of October 12th, as follows: "We have nearly finished threshing, so that I am able to get a better idea as to the quality of the crop. Out of 80,000 bushels of wheat now in our granary there will not be over 1,800 bushels that will grade No. 2; about 10,000 bushels will grade No. 3; the balance is not salable at any price. Of the receipts at Port Arthur, the Duluth of the Canadian Northwest, not a single car has graded other than frozen. I am satisfied that our crop is better than the average of small farmers, as we sowed earlier. The only encouraging prospect I can see ahead for this country is to raise an early kind of wheat. The season is too short for Scotch fife to come to maturity."—*Northwestern Miller*.

Why try to raise wheat so far North when there is plenty of good land to be had in Dakota, where the grain is never frozen and where a large proportion of the crop grades No. 1 hard?

MATTERS WEST OF THE MISSOURI.

(Correspondence of *The Northwest Magazine*.)

GLADSTONE, DAK., Dec. 17, 1885.

The well-worn theme of conversation—the state of the weather—is the all-absorbing topic at present in the West Missouri country. We are enjoying regular Indian summer weather, dreamy, hazy, balmy, more like the first of May than the latter days of December. The inhabitants of this favorite part of Uncle Sam's domain, have many things to be thankful for—among which is the most superb climate, all things considered, it was ever my good fortune to live in.

The past year has been bountiful in harvests, in the number of substantial settlers who have come among us, and in the number of improvements including valuable buildings, mills, roads, bridges, etc. that have been added to the material wealth of the country.

Nearly four years ago the writer crossed the Missouri River for the first time and took his way westward as far as the Little Missouri River. The country between Mandan and Glendive was then destitute of anything that bore the most remote resemblance to a farm, if we except the small piece of breaking on the Dickinson farm; now what a contrast is presented to the eye of the person that views the scene either from the cars or riding over the country in his own conveyance. On every hand extensive farms are opened, supplied with buildings, stocked with good teams, cattle, and all the usual domestic animals found in other countries. Numerous villages have sprung up like mushrooms, have attained a good size in some cases, and are nearly all in prosperous circumstances, as regards the solid advantages of established trade and permanent settlements to back them, made up of the best class of inhabitants that ever peopled a new country.

The village of Gladstone, the writer's home, has made most substantial advancement during the past year, erecting two church edifices, a commodious school house and a large roller flour mill of stone. The latter building was built and is now operated by Lee Bros., and is a perfect godsend to the farming community surrounding it, not only on account of the market it furnishes for wheat, but also for coal, which is used in large quantities for fuel for the engine. "Lignite," as the coal found here is now generally termed, has been found to answer well for stationary engine fuel, and at the local price of two dollars per ton is cheap, compared with prices of fuel in some localities in Dakota. When one stops to think of the problem of settling this country, if the said lignite coal were not found here in such quantities, he is forced to believe, notwithstanding its numerous natural advantages and salubrious climate, it would have remained unsettled many years except by cattle kings, hunters and freighters. As the case now stands the last four years has sufficed to settle the country adjacent to the Northern Pacific Railway thickly, and give a good idea to the world at large of advantages, natural resources and magnificent climate of this picturesque, healthy West Missouri country.

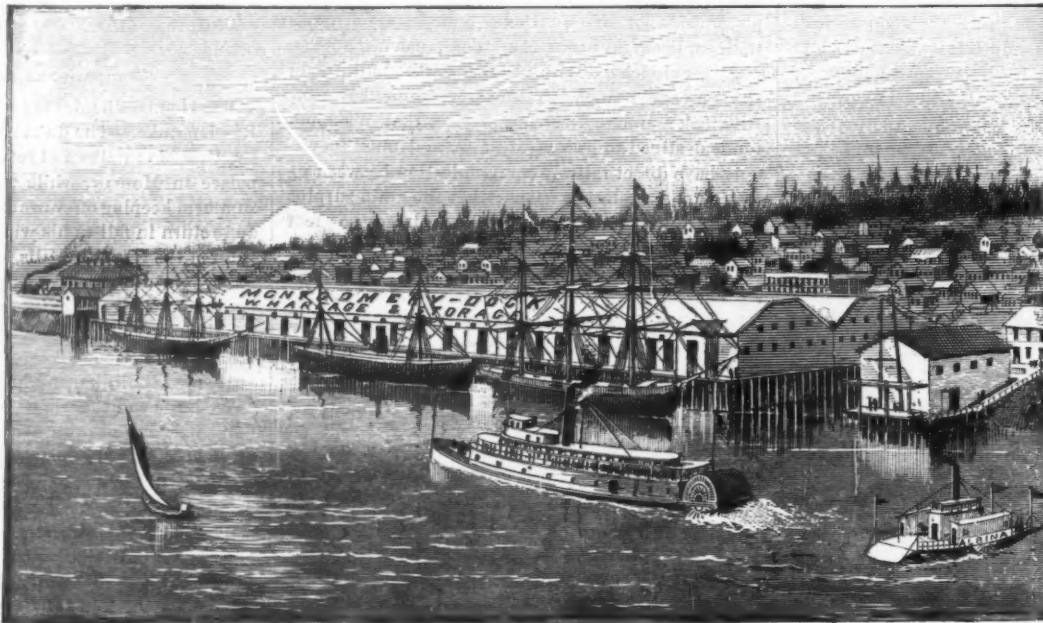
G. S. CRYNE.

RAILROAD MOVEMENTS AND RUMORS.

It looks as though construction work would begin in the spring on the Duluth & Northern, which is to run from Duluth to a connection with the Canadian Pacific at St. Vincent. A very favorable line has been run from Duluth to the summit of the plateau with a grade of only one foot to the hundred.

PRESIDENT J. J. HILL, of the Manitoba, is credited with the intention to build a line of his own next spring from Hinckley to West Superior. The present outlet of the Manitoba system to the head of Lake Superior is over the St. Paul & Duluth road from Hinckley to Duluth.

THE new road of the St. Paul & Northern Pacific company, from St. Paul to Minneapolis, will be opened to traffic early this month. It will be used at first by the freight trains of the Minneapolis & St. Louis, and arrangements will soon be made for its use by the Minnesota & Northwestern and Wisconsin Central. Passenger trains will not be run until spring. Under its twenty-five year contract the Northern Pacific will continue to run its trains between the two cities over the tracks of the Manitoba Company until some amicable adjustment, satisfactory to both parties, can be made which will enable it to use its own road without any violation of the old agreement.



J. B. MONTGOMERY'S DOCKS AND WAREHOUSES AT ALBINA, NEAR PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE *Ashland Press* has rumors of a proposed sale of the Northern Pacific's Ashland division to the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western. Commenting on these rumors the *Duluth Tribune* says: There is no danger of that. The Northern Pacific built the branch to operate and not to sell. It will be of great use to it in making Chicago and Eastern connections, and it needs it. The people of Duluth would welcome the Lake Shore road into this city over a line of its own, but we do not believe it will soon come here over the present Ashland division of the Northern Pacific.

BENTON, Mont., has raised a subscription of \$80,000 as a bonus to offer the Galt Railroad Company to extend its line to that city from its present terminus at the Galt coal fields south of the Canadian Pacific. This scheme looks to us quite in embryo as yet. The consent of Congress will have to be procured to building across the Indian reservation north of the Missouri. As the Canadian Government prohibits American companies from building into the territory tributary to the Canadian Pacific, Congress might not be disposed to give a Canadian company the right to invade the region from which the Northern Pacific derives its traffic. The Benton people should look for a railroad outlet to Helena or Billings. A road to Canada is not what they need.

THE Billings (Mont.) *Gazette* has some interesting editorial chat on the subject of a continental backbone line from the head of navigation on the Missouri to Central America. A direct railway route to the South is already built from Cheyenne to the city of Mexico, and a line is to be built north from Cheyenne in two years, and another by the Chicago & Northwestern from South Pass to the headwaters of Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone. The Clark's Fork branch of the Northern Pacific, to be built south from Billings, will connect with those roads in Northern Wyoming, making the most direct route possible from Billings to the City of Mexico. The Northern Pacific branch already surveyed from Billings to Benton will complete the great north and south line to St. Louis. On this line, says the *Gazette*, the principal cities now visible are Benton, Billings, Cheyenne, Denver and the City of Mexico.

MONTGOMERY'S DOCK.

The view of Montgomery's dock, at Albina, on the Willamette River, near Portland, Oregon, which we give on this page, is of special interest in illustrating the manner of shipping the enormous wheat crop of the Pacific Northwest, and showing the magnitude of the storage capacity required by this principal

article of Portland's export trade. This season about sixty largeships will receive their cargoes at this dock for foreign ports. Last year the number was twenty. The storage capacity is 21,000 tons, or 700,000 bushels, and its water frontage is 600 feet. The grain is received in two-bushel sacks from the cars, and the piles of these sacks reach nearly to the roof of the immense structure. No wheat is shipped in bulk from the Pacific ports. It all goes sacked as received from the farmers.

The owner of these docks is Mr. J. B. Montgomery, the well-known railroad builder, whose portrait we gave in our November number.

ST. PAUL GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The attractions at the St. Paul Grand for the first two weeks in January are announced as follows:

Rag Baby, January 4th, 5th, 6th.

Lizzie May Ulmer, January 7th, 8th, 9th.

St. Paul Ideals, January 11th, 12th, 13th.

Baker and Farron, January 14th, 15th 16th.

We cannot give the names of the attractions which will hold the boards for the rest of the month as nothing has been definitely booked by Manager Scott at this writing (December 28).

A NORTHERN IDAHO paper claims the existence of a strong anti annexation party in the counties of Northern Idaho, which it is proposed to annex to Washington Territory, and asserts it will oppose, tooth and toenail, the proposed annexation, on account of the woman suffrage law, the Sunday law and the restrictive liquor legislation, which were passed at the last session of the Washington Territory legislature, and which does not at all meet the approval of the voters of North Idaho.

GRADING on the Oregon Navigation branch, from Starbuck to Pomeroy, Washington Territory, has been finished, and the rails are now being laid. This road runs through a rich wheat country.

THE ST. PAUL ICE PALACE.

We give on this page an illustration of the ice palace in St. Paul, the erection of which will be commenced early in January. By February 1st the wonderful structure will be completed and the winter carnival, of which it is to be the central attraction, will begin. The palace is to be built by a stock company called the St. Paul Ice Palace and Winter Carnival Association, of which the officers are: George R. Finch, president; George Thompson, first vice president; W. A. Van Slyke, second vice president; A. S. Tallmadge, secretary; Albert Scheffer, treasurer. The executive committee consists of the above officers and Messrs. D. R. Noyes, H. C. Ives and John Summers. The assistant secretary, who is in charge of the headquarters in the Hotel Ryan, is J. H. Hanson. From a description of the palace by Mr. Hanson we extract the following:

The structure is 144 feet in length by 120 feet in width, with a grand, massive central tower attaining an altitude of 100 feet. This tower is provided with battlements and embrasures, and the architecture throughout is of the pure mediæval type. The main tower is defended by an out-work about 32 feet in height with battlements and towers at the angles. The outer walls are 20 inches thick and the central tower 40 inches, and something over 20,000 blocks of ice are required in its construction. The interior will be lighted at night by about 50 large electric lights and on the occasion of the "storming of the palace" by the army of uniformed snowshoers, various colored lights will be burned within and immense quantities of fireworks will be discharged from the towers and battlements, producing an effect indescribably magnificent. There are four grand entrances to the palace, through which spectators pass to the labyrinth of apartments, viewing the magical effect of the solid crystal walls, and refreshing themselves at the various booths from which appropriate eatables and beverages are dispensed.

The ice palace is located in the very heart of the city, and a better site for the convenience of all could not possibly have been devised. Central Park is the latest of the breathing places acquired by the city, and it is appropriately named. It is bounded by Thirteenth Street on the south, a boulevard avenue on the north, by Robert Street on the east, and by Cedar Street on the west. It is five hundred feet north and south, and seven hundred and five feet east and west. In the centre, and across the park from east to west, the palace stands. Adjoining the public park on either side, vacant blocks have been secured and added to form the grand carnival park, making a total area of about eight acres.

On the two thoroughfares bounding the park proper on the east and west are tobogganing slides for children, the incline from the bluff at the

back being sufficient and safe. A portion of the block of land at the east end is devoted to curling rinks, and on the west end is a spacious skating rink. The horse cars from the Union Depot pass within two blocks of the carnival park on three sides.

MORE MISCHIEF-MAKING BY SPARKS.

The extraordinary person who is at the head of the General Land Office in Washington rarely lets a month go by without launching some decision or order which is in clear violation of law and justice. In his fanatical zeal to figure as a reformer of the public land system he never stops to read statutes or supreme court decisions, or to regard the rights of settlers or the interest of Western communities. Driven of late by the Secretary of the Interior from the position that he would issue no more patents for homestead claims until his agents had got through with a search for fraudulent claims over the entire West, he has broken out with a fresh ukase in which he declares all claims invalidated which have been mortgaged before the issue of patents. This, if it

pressible tendency for mischief-making is his assertion of the right to remodel the land grants to railroads. He has devised a system which in its working would deprive the roads of one-third of their grants wherever they run diagonally to the section lines. His plan is, if possible, to readjust all the grants, disturbing titles which have been settled for years, and creating no end of confusion, hardship, injustice and loss.

Of course the courts will curb Sparks' antics. He can do no lasting harm, but he is disturbing confidence in the land laws, harassing homestead and pre-emption settlers and checking the settlement of lands lying within railroad grants. It is amazing that a President of Mr. Cleveland's good sense should tolerate him any longer. If the administration is bound to provide Sparks with an office, let him be sent to Congo or Madagascar, or some other distant locality where he can do no harm to his fellow citizens.

An Experience.

"I came to Jamestown four years ago next April, with \$2,000 all told," said a farmer to a *Capital* reporter yesterday, "and I have had losses and backsets innumerable, yet this season I paid off debts to the amount of \$3,500, and if I hadn't lost 1,800 bushels

of No. 1 hard by fire, would have paid every dollar I owed in the world and had a little left besides."

"How much do you consider your plant worth—farm, stock, machinery, etc., at the present time?" asked the reporter.

"Well, calculating from the basis of \$3 per acre for breaking and \$1.50 for backsetting, my property to-day is worth at least \$20,000, and next year if I grow only ten bushels of wheat per acre and sell for 70 cents next fall, I will pay all my debts and have a little nest-egg besides."

What a record for four seasons!

work! What country under the sun can show a better? And this is but one case of thousands similar throughout Dakota, where men with courage, pluck and perseverance have grown up from poor men to men of property and independence. It is but what any man who will work faithfully, honestly and intelligently can do if he will but come and take advantage of the boundless opportunities here offered. —*Jamestown (Dak.) Capital.*

He was a Western senator, not used to fashionable ways, and was a guest at a Washington ball. Entering a brilliantly illuminated suite, he suddenly stopped, backed toward the door, and in horrified tones exclaimed:

"My stars! I've made a mistake!"

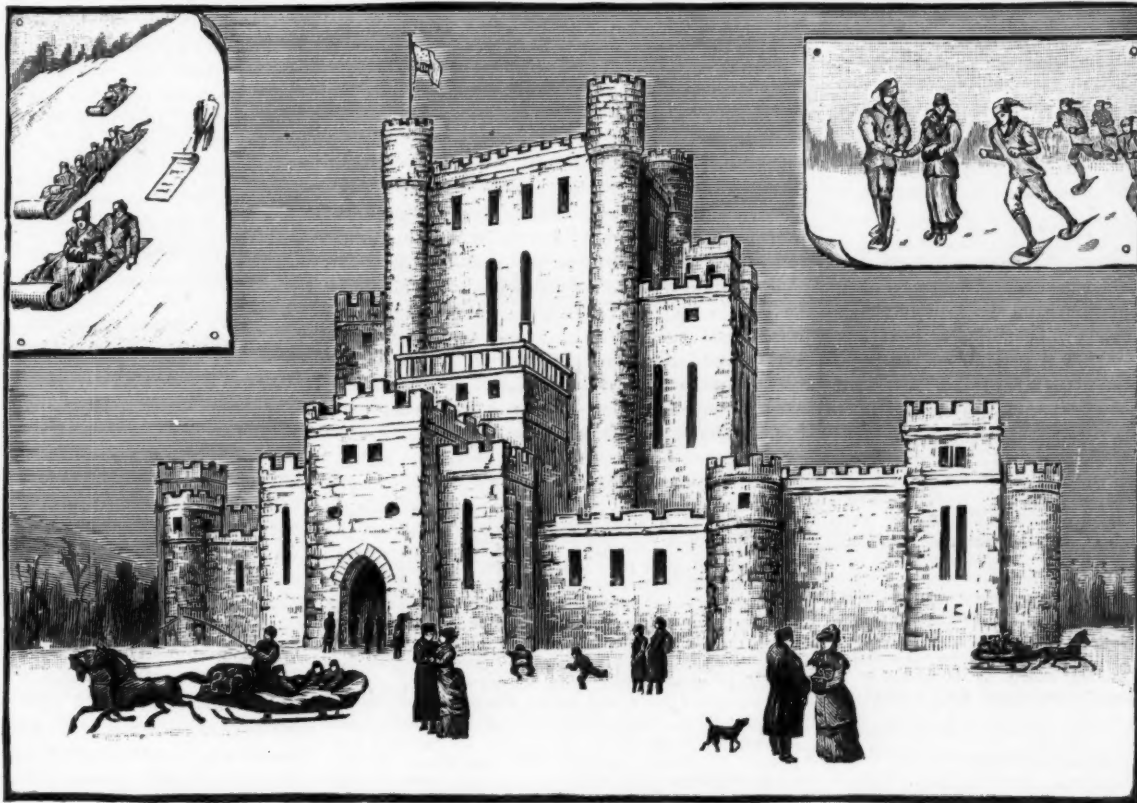
"My dear Senator Blank," said the hostess, hurrying toward him, "what is the matter? You look ill."

"Oh, nothing, nothing, only I am such a dolt! I came very near entering this apartment by mistake. Please pardon me, and show me the way to the ball room."

"Why, senator, this is the ball room. What did you think it was?"

"The—the ladies' dressing room," murmured the senator, mopping the perspiration from his brow.

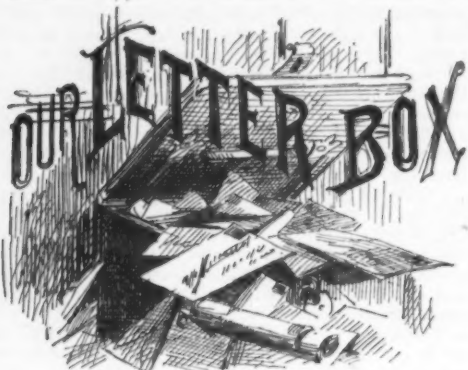
"The best on earth" can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine salve—a speedy cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, sores, piles, tetter, and all skin eruptions. Try this wonder healer. 25 cents. Guaranteed.



ST. PAUL WINTER CARNIVAL.—THE ICE PALACE (NOW BUILDING).

could be enforced, would be an outrage of the most cruel character to thousands of settlers. The courts have decided that a lien on a claim given to secure the payment of a debt is not valid if given before the claimant has completed the term of residence required by law to entitle him to a patent. This is right. It is, however, the custom of pre-emptors who have not the ready money to pay for their land, to borrow it, and give as security a mortgage on the claim. This has always been held to be lawful, because the title vests in the pre-emptor as soon as he has complied with the conditions of residence and cultivation. Now Commissioner Sparks says that if the settler borrows the money on his way to the land office to make his payment, and gives a lien on the land, or if, at any time before the issue of the patent, which may be delayed for months, he mortgages the land, his right to it is forfeited. He has committed the unpardonable crime of being poor, and the commissioner means to rob him of the fruits of his toil and privation. No wonder that this outrageous decision has created such an excitement in Dakota that mass meetings have been held to denounce Sparks' conduct and demand his removal.

Another performance of Sparks showing his irre-



A Co-operative Nail Factory.

Robert W. Coates, of Benwood, Marshall County, West Virginia, writes that a number of mechanics in Wheeling are talking of coming to St. Paul or Minneapolis to start a co-operative nail mill, in order to escape the evil of strikes. Let them come. The field is a good one.

A Compliment From a High Source.

Cyrus W. Field writes from New York, under date of November 14th: "I have been reading this morning the last number of your excellent magazine, THE NORTHWEST, and I assure you that I have obtained much valuable information from it. I believe that I have read every issue of your magazine since I was in the West a year ago."

Pansies in December.

Peter Koch writes from Bozeman, Montana, December 18th: "I send you inclosed a pansy taken from a large handful just gathered in a Bozeman yard, where they are now blooming without any protection whatever. How is that for 46° latitude, and 5,000 feet altitude on December 18th? I gathered the first wild buttercups this year, March 15th, so that our flowers have lasted more than nine months out doors."

Interested in the Northwest.

An English gentleman, writing from Gray's Inn, London, says:

"I have lately returned from a visit to the States, and have been so much interested in the Northwestern Territories that I am open to buy land there when I can procure some on advantageous terms. I am disposed also to run a cattle ranch in Montana or to raise sheep there, when I can meet with a good opportunity."

The Chinese Question.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 16, 1885.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

I have read your "Chinese Problem" in THE NORTHWEST, and respond heartily—aye, many times. You may add one more thought—a very serious one: Within the past ten years the Chinaman has enriched his country to the extent of one hundred millions, for which the United States can only respond, we have a railroad to the Pacific.

Could about ten millions of Eastern theorists fully know this fact, I do not hesitate in saying that, "by giving them no employment," would drive the pestilential curse from every nook and corner of this great country.

I speak knowingly, as I was through the Chinese business with the reporter of the Cincinnati Commercial, who went there expressly to investigate.

I thank you for having written what seems to me a good and true description.

R. C. HARTRANFT.

Best Places for Sheep Raising.

DOVER, N. J., Nov. 19, 1885.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

Will you please inform me through the columns of your paper of the best point along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, in Western Montana or Eastern Washington Territory, for sheep raising on a small scale to begin with. I prefer some place where I could find employment for some months in order to have time to look around and select a place to locate.

W. S. VALENTINE.

Along the eastern slopes of the Belt Mountains, and in the foothills of the Highwood Mountains in Montana are good locations. Also in Eastern Washington Territory, near the Corner d'Alene and Bitter Root Mountains, and in the Upper Yakima Valley.

Washington Territory Barley.

Reading in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE of the excellent barley raised by Philip Ritz, in Washington Territory, a leading grain commission firm, in Duluth, send us a letter to be forwarded to Mr. Ritz, they not knowing his address, in which they ask for samples, and express the belief that the grain can be shipped to Liverpool and give Washington farmers a better profit than wheat. They urge special care to produce "a short, plump grain, with a nice transparent skin," and also careful harvesting to keep the barley off the ground."

Questions From North Carolina.

REIDSVILLE, N. C., Dec. 12, 1885.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

Please answer the following questions. (1) Does a person have to fence his land before he can make a crop in Montana, Idaho, Washington or Oregon? (2) What is the price of labor, horses, cattle, sheep, farming implements, etc? (3) Could a person start a sheep or cattle ranch with a capital of \$3,000, with any show of success; what would his profits be, and where would be the best place?

JONATHAN ROBINSON.

(1) No. (2) Prices vary in different localities. As a general rule we would say labor is about fifty per cent higher than in North Carolina; agricultural implements about twenty-five per cent dearer, and stock from twenty to thirty per cent cheaper. (3) You could do very well in Washington or Montana by going with sheep, but for a cattle ranch you would need more money. If you want to go upon government land, adapted both to grazing and agriculture, we recommend the Big Bend country in Washington Territory, northwest of Cheney and Sprague, on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Wants to Start a Horse Ranch.

GUM TREE, CHESTER CO., PA., Nov. 25, 1885.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

I have an idea of starting a horse ranch somewhere in the West. Could I take up one hundred and sixty acres of land near a railroad and find free all the year pasture for the stock near the land. My idea would be to farm the land in wheat and try to get enough off of it to support my family and to pay for the labor of looking after the horses.

(1) Could I do it, and where would you advise me to locate to the best advantage? (2) Also what can lumber be bought for in the yards at railroad stations? (3) Would you buy your mares there or ship them from the East, and (4) what would they cost in that country? (5) Is the climate of Eastern Washington Territory milder than Montana? (6) Are the valleys of the Columbia and Snake rivers the warmest of that portion of Washington and Oregon? Please give me your ideas about it, and oblige

JOHN C. PHIPPS.

(1) We advise you to go to Washington Territory. (2) Seven to twelve dollars per 1,000. (3) Buy the mares out there. (4) Probably from seventy-five to one hundred dollars for good stock. (5) Much milder from two causes, lower altitude and nearness to the Pacific Coast. (6) Yes; the writer picked wild flowers in bloom on the Upper Columbia the twenty-eighth of November last.

Climate of Dakota and Washington.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

BUCKHAMON, W. VA., Dec. 19, 1885.

Please answer the following questions in "Letter Box" of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE:

1. Is it true that Northwest Dakota is in any sense a mild climate, as claimed; that is, is it less severe in winter than it is in Iowa? Take Bismarck and Dickinson and compare them with some well known place of the East, as Philadelphia or Washington city.

2. Please compare Spokane Falls, Sprague, Colfax, and Walla Walla, of Washington Territory, with each other in extreme temperatures, humidity, usual depth of snow in winter, and number of months it

covers ground, and then compare all with Northwest Dakota.

3. What place or places in what is known as the Palouse country do you think will be important as city or cities, say in next ten years. I mean 15,000 to 30,000 inhabitants when speaking of cities.

J. P. MILLER, M. D.

1. The thermometer ranges lower than in Iowa, but there are more clear, bright days, and the dryness of the atmosphere makes the cold less disagreeable. Comparing Bismarck with Philadelphia, and being familiar with the winter climate of both, we should say that the months of December, January, February and March could be more agreeably spent in the former so far as the weather is concerned. At the same time one needs a fur coat and a fur cap in Dakota if long out of doors during a cold snap.

2. Spokane Falls is higher than Walla Walla, by nearly 1,000 feet, and is about two hundred miles further north. Its winters are colder and its summers cooler. Its spring comes, however, a month earlier than that of North Dakota. Its climate resembles a good deal that of the mountain region of Virginia, with which you are familiar. The climate of Sprague does not differ materially from that of Spokane Falls, nor that of Colfax from that of Walla Walla. We have not the figures at hand as to temperature, humidity, etc.

3. We do not think any place in the Palouse country will have 15,000 to 30,000 inhabitants in the next ten years. It is essentially a farming country, and is not likely to develop a large city. The cities of Eastern Washington are practically fixed. They are Spokane Falls and Walla Walla, with possibly a third in the Yakima Valley to be the capital of the future State.

Marvelously Rich Rock.

Murray (North Idaho) Sun.

A sensation was created at the bank on Thursday afternoon by Frank Reed, who has just come down from his Buckeye Boy bonanza, at the head of Dream Gulch, with some of the prettiest and richest quartz ever beheld by mortal eyes. We have seen the famous black sulphuret ore, said to run all the way up to \$40,000 a ton, from the croppings of the Gould & Curry, on the Comstock; the \$30,000 ore from the Gila (Nevada) mine at Belmont; the glittering rock of the Standard, Bodie and Idaho, of California, but the Buckeye quartz surpasses them all in richness of appearance. The pieces exhibited at the bank by Mr. Reed were each of the size of an ordinary man's hand, with nearly an equal proportion of blue quartz and black sulphurets, and literally covered with gold on every side, giving the specimens every indication of being about half gold. They were taken from a five-foot vein of quartz in a drift started a few days ago some distance below the tunnel where such an extraordinarily rich ledge was followed a little over thirty feet to the water level. The new drift is in fifteen feet, the face, for a foot or more in the five-foot vein, fairly glittering with yellow metal. The richness of the rock is simply marvelous, and if there were not more than ten tons of it in the mine it would pay for the erection of a twenty-stamp mill, and give Mr. Reed a small fortune besides. The Buckeye Boy has been sufficiently prospected to show that the vein is uniformly rich for several feet. It is a bonanza of the biggest kind, and further explorations will be watched with considerable interest. Certainly, nothing so nearly approximating solid gold in a quartz ledge has ever before been found in such a large quantity in modern mining.

When Judge Kelly, "the father of the House," was last re-elected, "Sunset" Cox said to him, "Well, Judge, you will probably be kept in Congress all your life." "I told my people," answered Kelly, "I was a candidate for life, barring lunacy or paralysis." "You made your exception too broad," replied Cox, "lunacy does not disqualify a man for a seat in Congress."

No one should delay when they have a cough or cold, when a fifty cent bottle of Bigelow's Positive Cure will promptly and safely cure them. Dollar sizes cheapest for family use or chronic cases.

Westward Ho!

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going to Bismarck, sir," she said,
 "A town far away in Dakota."
 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "There are too many men there now," she said,
 "I'm told, for the feminine quota."
 "And what will you do there, my pretty maid?"
 "Oh, that was settled long since, sir," she said;
 "I shall marry a wealthy young farmer."
 "Are you going alone, there, my pretty maid?"
 "There's a couple of thousand behind me," she said,
 "But I am the charmingest charmer."
 "Oh, why don't you marry here, my pretty maid?"
 "Cause no one has asked me to, sir," she said,
 "And I am a couple and twenty."
 "But, why do you hurry so, my pretty maid?"
 "'Tis a race for a man, you know, sir," she said,
 "And I must get there while they're plenty."
 —Columbus Dispatch.

NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

TOBACCO of good quality is being successfully raised near Walla Walla. One man netted some four hundred dollars an acre from three acres this season.

JACOB DURR returned from the mountains last week, we have been informed, with twenty deer, as the result of several days' hunt in the mountains.—Ellensburg (W. T.) Localizer.

THE Mouse River region, in North Dakota, is constantly receiving large herds of fine grade cattle, says the Dunseith Herald. Shepherds from that section report sheep doing splendidly.

A MINING stock exchange was opened last month in Helena, Mont., with pleasant festivities. This is one among many signs of a great revival in mining industry in the Northwest.

COL. LOUNSBERRY'S "Fargo Illustrated" article will appear in our February number. It will abound in pictures of people and things in the active young metropolis of the Red River valley.

GEN. JAMES S. BRISBIN said in St. Louis the other day that "there's millions in it" for the man who shall patent some plan for branding cattle. Excessive branding causes a loss of about \$5,000,000 a year in this country.

G. S. BARNES has received thirteen carloads of Oregon wheat at Fargo, which is stored in Finkle's elevator A, where it will be cleaned, stored until spring and then shipped to Duluth. Larger shipments have been arranged for.

SAYS the Chehalis (W. T.) Bee: The large tree, nine feet through, from which the cut was taken to send to the New Orleans Exhibition, was cut on A. Rainey's homestead claim. It grew so straight, after it had been sawed entirely off wedges had to be driven in on one side to get it out of balance so it would fall.

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VOL. III., 1885.

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New Year's Greeting!

Special Offer to New and Old Subscribers.
 Three Months' Subscription Free.

Any reader, old or new, who sends \$1.50 for one year's subscription to THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, before February 1st, and makes mention of this announcement with his or her remittance, will receive THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, postage prepaid, Three Months Free of Charge. Subscriptions can commence with any number desired. This offer holds good only until February 1st. See list of special numbers on page 19.

ONE HUNDRED BUSHEL AN ACRE.—The Dunseith, Dak., Herald is authority for the following: The ten-acre field of oats planted by L. L. Hawn on virgin soil has yielded the great average of one hundred bushels per acre by actual weight. The field was measured off by Surveyor Hamilton and the facts are indisputable. No more than the usual amount of work was put on the land, which is situated but three miles south of town, and gives an idea of the kind of land we have in this vicinity."

MEDORA boasts of a huntress in the person of the Marquise de Mores, who has brought down many a head of large game with her trusty rifle. There may be many ladies in eastern Montana who can draw a bead on a grizzly with all the coolness and steadiness of the marquise, but if so they have not given the press the benefit of their exploits. Last week, however, Mrs. Ezra Battles, of Canyon Creek, accompanied by her son, went on a hunt up Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone as far as Little Rocky, and returned home Saturday with seven antelope and one blacktail deer. Mrs. Battles admits having killed the blacktail, but with a mother's generosity, gives her son the glory of killing the antelope.—Billings (Montana) Gazette.

BARRING the prices at which their produce has been sold, the season just closed has been a favorable one for Minneapolis lumbermen. It has been the longest on record, beginning with April 13th and ending on Thanksgiving eve, and it resulted in the consumption of nearly all the logs driven to the mills. The cut was also greater than during any year, except that of 1882, and amounted to 313,998-166 feet. That of 1882—when high prices and a great demand prevailed—only exceeded this cut by less than half a million feet. The trade, while not as brisk or profitable as in many previous years, has nevertheless been steady and healthy, and the outlook may be said to be as cheering as in the case of other industries.—Minneapolis Journal.

RENAMING THE GREAT SNOW PEAKS.—Tacoma has taken Mount Rainier in out of the wet and christened it Mount Tacoma; Chehalis has adopted Mount St. Helens; Goldendale has become godfather to Mount Adams, Vancouver wants Mount Hood changed to Mount Vancouver, and Seattle now thinks the Cascade range misnamed and has determined to restore to it the original name of Seattle. As gall seems to be a predominating feature of the towns of this Territory and as the only remaining peak in the Cascade range, Mount Baker, is too far away to be rechristened after this place, perhaps we had better put in our petition to have the name of the Territory changed to Yakima. It is always well to have the adage, and be the last in say.—Yakima (Wash. Ter.) Signal.

EMBARRASSING — VERY. — On Middle Creek, Montana, says the Bozeman Chronicle, lady book agents have of late been rather numerous. Bachelors prevail in that vicinity, and they always have their latchstrings hanging out and expect all callers to walk right in. Miss Agent, not aware of this custom, gave a rap, rap, rap. Not being heeded, rap,

rap, rap. Still no attention, rap, rap, rap. Mr. B. being engaged shaving, and somewhat annoyed by the intruder, with one ear cut and bleeding, and a half-shaven face and the remainder covered with lather, soliloquized thus: "I will stop that d— woodpecker from pecking a hole in my door." So, with razor in one hand, brush and mug in the other, and being divested of wearing apparel to an alarming extent, half opened the door with a "Shew, d— you!" Miss Bookagent has made herself scarce ever since, and Mr. B. says he feels terribly bad about it.

THE season of navigation for 1885 closed at noon on December 1st, hull insurance expiring at that time. In accordance with its custom the News presents its readers to-day with the total shipments of grain, by date of shipment and vessel, from this port for the year. The shipments of wheat have been 12,083,369 bushels, and of other grains 245,000 bushels, an aggregate of 12,328,369 bushels, against total shipments of 11,097,500 bushels during 1884, and 6,313,345 during 1883. It has been the impression among many grain men that the total shipments would fall below those of 1884, as the fall shipments have been very much lighter than a year ago. But this impression is a mistaken one. The shipments of the crop of 1884 in the early months of this year were so much greater than those of corresponding months of the year before that they more than made up for the diminished shipments of the crop of 1885 in the last three months. Five or six Duluth firms have sent forward nine-tenths of this vast amount of grain.—Lake Superior News.

The Heppner Gazette is nothing if not an independent paper. It does not propose to do advertising for nothing and is emphatic on that point. However, it is quite willing to strike up a reasonable bargain, as witness the following, which contains what it calls a "fair proposition." "Six times in the past few weeks the Gazette has received requests for free puffs from various educational institutions. The learned gentlemen who ask for these puffs never send in a dollar's worth of legitimate advertising, consequently they don't get any free puffs. The Gazette pays for what it gets and has this fair proposition to make: If any learned professor will announce to his young lady pupils every morning that the Heppner Gazette is printed on home-made Columbia River cottonwood paper, which is stiff without being brittle, and that it makes the best and most bang-up bustles, then the Gazette will insert a free puff for his school. He will have to make his announcement seven mornings in the week, to pretty big schools, in order to reach as many persons as the Gazette's puff one day in the week will reach; for in the isolated cases where this sheet is not subscribed for it is borrowed by the neighbors."

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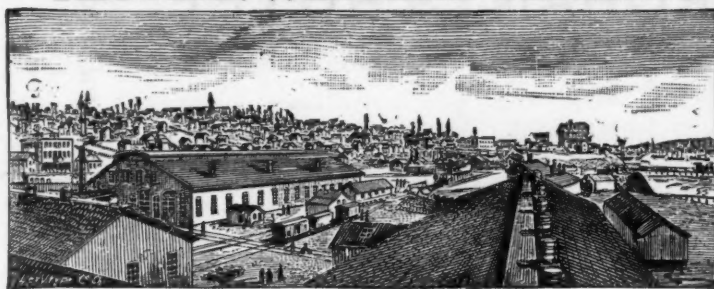
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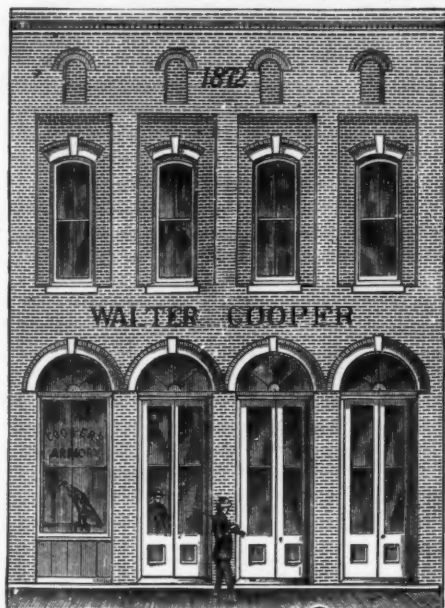
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FOR SALE—The best unoccupied DWELLING LOT in the place. Fine view of town and valley; sheltered from north wind. Low price. Address

R. S. REEVES, Jamestown.

TRADE AND FINANCE.

OFFICE OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
ST. PAUL, Dec. 26, 1885

This has been a good active month in financial circles, money having been in good demand. Discount rates have been firm, and Eastern exchange has been fluctuating above and below par.

The usual heavy movement in wholesale groceries has taken place, and collections are reported very good.

In dry goods a fair sorting-up trade has been done, but the weather has been altogether too mild for this line of business.

The drug market continues active, and dealers are well pleased with the volume of business. The year's business in this line far exceeds anything ever before done at St. Paul, and this city has for years been the drug market of the Northwest. It has one of the five largest drug houses in the United States, and no city in the West has finer facilities for this branch of trade.

The wholesale clothing trade has been holding up well, and is in a satisfactory condition.

Business with the hat, cap and fur dealers continues excellent, and is at least twenty per cent greater than last year.

Trade continues very good indeed in the wholesale boot and shoe line, with very satisfactory collections.

The leather trade has been very active, and a very much larger volume of business done than during December last year. Prices continue very firm.

The heavy iron dealers report an improvement in business and brighter prospects. Pig and bar iron have advanced, and prices are generally stiffer, and there has also been an advance in steel.

An excellent trade has been done in hardware for the time of year. Most staple goods are stiffening in price, but nails are lower.

The wholesale wine and liquor merchants report trade and collections in fair condition.

Although the lumber season is about over, there has been considerable business done during the month, and the whole season has been an excellent and satisfactory one.

In wholesale fruits, oranges and lemons have been moving quite freely, while apples have been quiet.

The various retail departments have done an excellent Christmas trade, which was considerably helped by the beautiful weather.

C. A. MCNEALE, Secretary.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

To all wishing information about the resources of the new Northwestern regions of the United States are the following recent issues of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE:

June, 1885—Special number on Northern Minnesota.

July, 1885—Special number on North Dakota.

August, 1885—Special number on Montana.

September, 1885—Special number on Washington Territory.

October, 1885—Contains special article on Winoona, the chief city of Southern Minnesota.

November, 1885—Special number on Portland, Oregon, the beautiful metropolis of the Pacific Northwest.

All these numbers are profusely illustrated. Sent by mail for seven two-cent stamps each.

Address:

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
St. Paul, Minn.

A. J. UNDERWOOD, editor of the Fergus Falls Daily Journal, and one of the oldest journalists in the State, died in that city December 21st, of paralysis. He was a vigorous writer and an able and conservative journalist, and for many years was a power for good in all the public affairs of his city and county.

If you need a perfect tonic or a blood purifier take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic. It speedily cures all troubles of the stomach, kidneys and liver. Can be taken by the most delicate. Price 50 cents.

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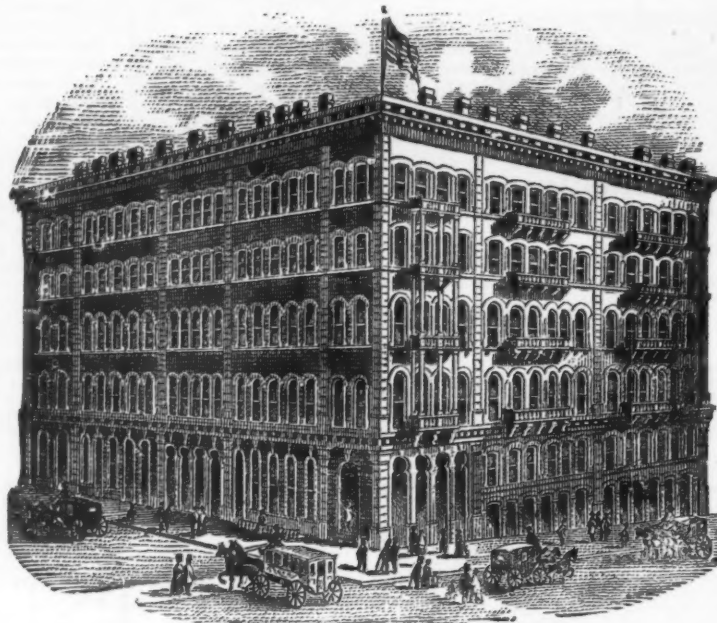
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DE COSTER & CLARK,**FURNITURE,**

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Northern Pacific Cattle Shipments.

R. B. Wilson, live stock agent of the Northern Pacific, has prepared statistics of the cattle and stock shipments made by his road during the past season. Cattle shipments fell off heavily, but those of sheep and horses increased greatly. The decrease in cattle shipments was upon both west-bound and east-bound business. West-bound from St. Paul there were shipped 35,000 head, against 98,219 head in 1884. This large decrease was caused by the strict enforcement of the quarantine laws in the early spring, and also by the fact that a large number of stockmen went to Washington and Oregon for their young stock. The total shipments from Washington and Oregon to the Montana ranges was 38,070 head, which makes the total number of new cattle shipped onto the ranges 73,070 head, against the 98,219 head shipped last year. There were shipped from the ranges to the Eastern markets 70,886 head on foot and 7,029 head dressed, making the total 77,915 head, as against 79,600 shipped during 1884, a decrease of only 1,685 head. This decrease is exceedingly small when one takes into consideration the great fall in prices for beef cattle, which occurred in the Chicago markets toward the latter part of the season.

The increase in shipments of sheep and horses is something remarkable, and plainly shows to what proportions this business has grown in the country west of St. Paul. The increase in sheep shipments would have been even greater had not the Northwestern Traffic Association practically put an embargo upon these shipments by refusing to accept sheep when loaded in double-deck cars. The rate for single-deck shipments was more than the growers could afford, and consequently they had to stop. The Northern Pacific officials made every effort to have this order revoked, but were unsuccessful. For awhile, after the association had refused to accept all double-deck cars, the Northern Pacific turned all its sheep so loaded over to the Minnesota & Northwestern. That road, however, was soon forced by the Illinois Central to also stop accepting such shipments. Next year the Northern Pacific expects to make other arrangements. If no other route can be secured, Montana and Washington sheep will be taken in double-deck cars to Duluth and shipped from there to Eastern markets by lake. Experimental shipments via the lakes have already been made, and have proved successful in every respect. The route is likely to become very popular.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

A Washington Farm.

From the Harrington (Wash. Ter.) Times.

On Sunday last we had occasion to visit the extensive farm of Mr. Edward Ramm, three and a half miles southeast of Davenport, in this county; and for the benefit of those who believe that, because Lincoln County is only two years old, we are not solid and progressive, we will attempt a brief description of Mr. Ramm's possessions. To begin with, the farm includes about 6,000 acres. About 800 are already broken, with gang plows still at work, and last year 600 acres were cultivated, realizing 200 tons of grain, hay, and 7,000 bushels of wheat and barley.

Besides the above, Mr. Ramm has just started an orchard of seven acres, embracing fruit of every description, from the celebrated Ritz nurseries of Walla Walla. Roaming the extensive pastures and meadow lands of this farm are something like 200 head of fine bred cattle and horses; 250 head of swine, and poultry of every description. It is but just to the gentleman that we mention the splendid building improvements on his place. First, his dwelling, a large two-story, hard-finished structure, seven-roomed, well lighted, inclosed in a neat picket fence and painted. Then, next, the spacious barn, 64x68 feet, 54 feet to the ridge, along which runs a track for fork in storing hay; the roof required 75,000 shingles. He has room for 68 horses, 150 tons of hay, wagons,

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Improved Machine Tools For Working Iron and Steel.

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And best English Crucible Steel and Charcoal

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STEEL RAILS

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etc., besides bins for 10,000 bushels of grain under this roof. Then comes an agricultural implement shed, 120x20, in which are carefully stored his headers, binders, plows, harrows, etc.; then a stock shed, 164x35; then a blacksmith shop, 24x36; then a tool house, then a huge cellar with stone walls two and a half feet thick, dimensions 60x25 feet, the earth-covered roof held up by huge timbers. Besides the above are chicken and other outhouses of good and substantial build. That is what we call a model farm.

Mr. Ramm is a big, broad-shouldered, unassuming German, only about twenty-two years of age, whose word is as good as his bond, and who has the profound respect of all who know him. His able management of so large a farm reflects great credit on one so young, and the confidence of his father, a gentleman of unlimited wealth at Camptonville, Cal. Last year Ed. married the charming daughter of Mr. Peter Selde, of that locality, and is now the father of a bouncing boy that "looks more like his dad every day." All summer fourteen hands are employed on this farm, and three during the winter. Thus it will be seen that men of unlimited means have great confidence in the future of this wonderful and productive Big Bend country, as well as the poor and struggling immigrant; and the money now invested by Mr. Ramm will, in less than five years,

be returned over one hundred fold. As for us, we are proud to write up and give due credit to all enterprises that tend to develop and settle this county.

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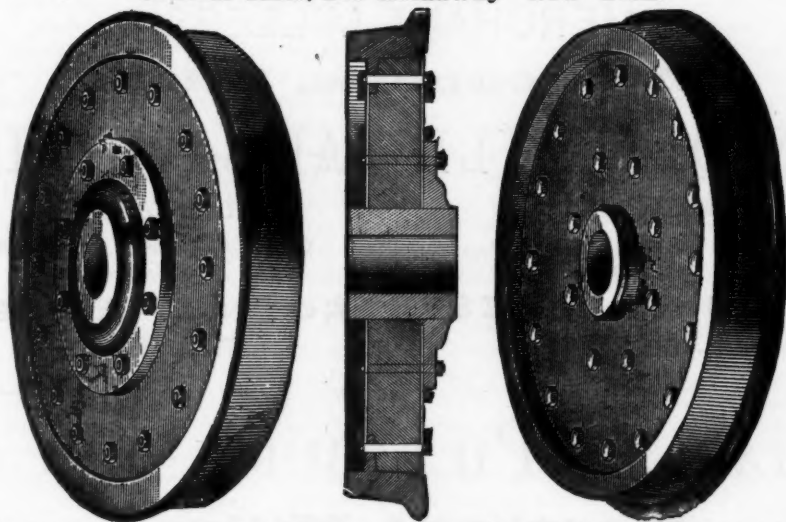
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LOUIS RAILWAY are composed of Com-
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For notices in reference to special excursions, changes
of time, and other items of interest in connection with the
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, please refer to
the local columns of this paper.

NEW YORK
Locomotive Works,
ROME, N. Y.
New York Office,
34 Pine Street.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Those persons who board will be pleased to learn that there is a deficit of 14,000,000 in the mackerel crop this year.

Young housekeeper (after gazing helplessly at the different cuts) — "I want a piece that I can use for soup. Butcher — "People generally get forelegs for soup, ma'am." Young housekeeper (aghast) — "How many did you say? — Four?" — *Harper's Bazar.*

Clara (in carriage with horse running away) — "Do you think you can stop him with one hand, George?" George (with teeth set) — "I d-don't th-think I c-can stop him, b-but I c-can keep him in the r-road." Clara (with perfect confidence) — "Very well, try it for another mile, and then, if he doesn't stop, use both hands."

DEATH RID OF ITS TERRORS. — "Well," said a lawyer, as he entered his condemned client's cell, "good news at last." "A reprieve?" asked the prisoner, eagerly. "No, not a reprieve, but your uncle has died and left you \$2,000, and now you can meet your fate with the satisfying feeling that the noble efforts of your lawyer in your behalf will not go unrewarded."

First dude — "You think that she loves you, then?" Second dude — "I'm — aw — positive of it, my deah boy." First dude — "What makes you so positive?" Second dude — "She has named her poodle after me, my deah boy, and if that isn't a strong proof of a young lady's affections, then I'm no judge of the deah cweechahs, that's all."

Hostess (at an evening party) — "Mrs. Hendricks, will you step with me a moment? I want to make you acquainted with Mrs. Tomlinson. You will like her, I am sure."

Mrs. Hendricks — "Excuse me, if you please, Mrs. Jones, but I would rather not. You see, we — er both live in the same flat."

Hearing a noise at night, Jones descends with a lighted candle and discovers a burglar escaping with a full sack. "Hello!" he cries, "come back, you!" "Eh, what?" returns the burglar; "ah, yes, the silver candlestick! Permit me." He takes it from the hands of the astonished Jones and puts it into his bag. "Ten thousand thanks. Have I forgotten anything else?"

At a regular mass meeting of Scandinavians in South Minneapolis, a few nights since, the pastor, having heard that one John Johnson wanted to join the church, said: "Will John Johnson, if present, please stand up?" Nearly all the men present stood up. The bewildered preacher looked around awhile and then said: "You may sit down, Mr. Johnson. I will call a meeting of you some time next week in the coliseum."

"No," said Fogg, who had failed to find out, until the dealer had mentioned it next day, that the latter had overpaid him in making change; "no, I never was good at arithmetic. There was my sister, for instance, when we were children, she was five years older than I, but now she is six years younger. And yet the same number of years have passed over both our heads. I can't understand it at all; no, sir, I never was good at arithmetic."

Herr Gasbag (professional agitator) — "Bah! I am disgusted with the whole business. In this country, sir, socialism is a dead failure." Mr. O'Flynn — "How can you say that? Only last week, I see by the papers, you addressed a meeting of over 10,000 Socialists in New Jersey." "So I did, but it was a fizzle — didn't amount to anything." "How was that?" "The police didn't interfere, and there wasn't the slightest attempt to break up the meeting."

THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY COME. — Small boy in public library — "Have you 'The Life of Jesse James?'"

Negative.

"Well, is 'Tom Sawyer' in?"

Negative.

"Is 'Huckleberry Finn' in?"

Another negative.

Small boy, with an air of heroic sacrifice — "Well, then you may give me 'Gibbon's History of Rome.'"



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The Washburn Mill Company,

MERCHANT MILLERS,

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LINCOLN MILL, PALISADE MILL,

ANOKA, MINN.

CAPACITY 800 BARRELS.

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MILLS { PILLSBURY A. PILLSBURY B. } Daily Capacity 7,500 Bbls.
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Advances on Consignments.

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A. J. SAWYER,
GRAIN ON COMMISSION,
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Advances on Consignments. Elevators on N. P. R. R.

NOT AT HOME. — "Bridget," said the head of the house, "if any one comes with a bill say that I am not at home." "Yis, sorr." Presently the door bell rang. "Is Mr. Smith in?" asked a gentleman. "I want to pay a bill I owe him." "Phats that; a bill?" inquired Bridget. "Yes." "Faith, an' Mr. Smith is not at home, sorr." — *New York Times.*

AT THE RANCH.

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

Well, men may talk as much as they choose
About their dislike of the other sex;
They've a hankering they never lose
After the creatures that worry and vex.

I've known men to curse most fearfully
All women, from Eve to the present day,
And ride, a petticoat just to see,
For half a-day's journey out of their way.

When women are few and far apart,
Men cotton to things with womanish ways;
For each has a soft spot in his heart—
In fact, in the long run, I think it pays.

If nothing else should their fancy win,
The men of the frontier will sometimes let
Their tenderer feelings centre in
The love of some boy, like the "Frontier Pet."

A smooth-faced young fellow, tall and slim,
With girlish manners, a diffident hand,
Yet brave as the best. We tied to him
As soon as he came in our border band.

The south wind sighed o'er the prairie land
And kissed its wild roses one morn in June;
The Pet rode out alone from our band
To capture some game ere the sun marked noon.

The sun rose high and the sun sank low,
And the boys in the camp began to fret;
And now and then one "would like to know
What the deuce had gone with the Frontier Pet."

The wind swept over the prairie flowers
And the moon swung high in the eastern sky;
Some men rode out from that camp of ours
To bring home the Pet, or to find out why.

We found the boy near the redskin trail,
With a great red place on his fair, young head;
A 'Raphoe' arrow told the tale,
While the moon looked down on his body—dead.

You see that lot of long tresses there,
Hung up on the wall near my friend, the gun?
A fair collection of human hair—
They are 'Raphoe' top-knots, every one.

THE CRIME OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY HARRY P. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER III.

Meanwhile it had been a dreary, anxious morning for Mrs. Garton. She tried bravely to be merry and bustled around the cabin, which was all decked with branches of pines in honor of the festive season, singing to herself; but every few minutes, do what she would, found her standing, with her hands behind her back, gazing wistfully across the trail at the low log cabin opposite, where she was not infrequently met by the pale face with its black eyes, looking just as wistfully across at her. Was she as uneasy as herself? she wondered. Had her husband, too, gone up to this miserable claim? Had they met there and fought, and— and then with a shudder she would turn away and commence doing some completely supererogatory household task with an altogether superfluous energy.

As noon came on she grew more and more restless and more than once opened the door and, stepping carefully out into the snow, looked up the trail to where she had last seen Jim, hoping to see him reappear around the corner. She was standing thus when suddenly a figure came into sight. At first she thought gladly that it was Jim; but no! it was too short and walked too hurriedly and—ah! it was Pete Taylor; and catching her breath almost into a sob she turned wearily into the cabin again, and, standing back in the shadow, watched Taylor go to his door, saw him turn for a moment and cast a hurried look at her cabin, and then saw his wife come forward to greet him. How she envied her! and the knowledge that the wife across the way was no longer uneasy made her the more wretched and lonely.

Noon—one o'clock—two o'clock—three; and still no Jim. Mrs. Garton was now thoroughly frightened, and more than once almost made up her mind to run across the way and ask Taylor if he had seen her husband down the creek. It was nearly half-past three when "Judge" Grace, one of the camp lawyers, came to see Jim. Mrs. Garton had taken a fancy to Grace;—not a genius, probably, but a good-hearted, open-faced, ready-spoken man, whom she

felt that she could trust. To him, then, she poured out her whole story, suppressing, however, any reference to Taylor, or the fears which had so weighed upon her, although she hardly dared to give them definite form. The judge, however, guessed wherein the cause of her uneasiness lay, and

"Was that man opposite—Taylor—was he up at the claim, do you know?" he asked.

"I am not sure. He came in, about dinner time, from that direction."

"Humph! If you will allow me, Mrs. Garton, I will step up to the claim and look for your husband. He has probably become interested in some change he has noticed in the soil and, in washing out pan after pan, has forgotten how the time has flown."

"I hope that is all. But I should think it very kind of you if you would go up, though I dislike to ask you to take so much trouble for me. But I feel very uneasy about him."

"I should not do that," said Grace cheerily. "I think I'll bring him back penitent,—and as a reward I will ask you to invite me to supper. I eat my Christmas dinner with you anyway, remember."

With that he went laughingly away; but as soon as the door was closed behind him he grew more grave. For a minute he stood looking questioningly at the cabin opposite, then turned and struck up the trail towards the camp—the opposite direction to that in which the claim lay. Ten minutes afterwards Mrs. Garton saw him pass back again with Dr. Tenney by his side, and she wondered, hopelessly, why he had thought it necessary to go and fetch Dr. Tenney.

Arrived at the claim, the two men looked around the open space and, seeing no one, "Perhaps he is in the tent?" said the judge.

"Garton! oh Garton!" but there was no reply, so they walked together towards the end of the drift. Grace arrived first at the opening, and, resting one hand on the windlass, he leaned over the mouth preparing to call up the tunnel. The doctor was standing at his shoulder as he leaned forward, when suddenly he started so as to almost fall; then, with a face from which the blood had vanished and white lips that moved as if to speak but made no sound, he pointed downwards into the gulf. The doctor leaned forward and, without a word, jumped down to the lower bench (made to facilitate the shoveling out of gravel) and by another jump was at the side of the man lying below. Grace, meanwhile, was climbing down the ladder, but as soon as he touched the ground he saw the truth in Dr. Tenney's face.

"Dead! and cold. He has been dead some hours."

There was silence for a few seconds as the two men looked at one another over the corpse, then

"Poor Jim!" said the doctor.

"Poor Mrs. Garton!" said Grace.

Both felt sure who had done the horrid deed, but neither mentioned Taylor's name. Then they set to work to lift him, up and hoisted him first on to one bench and then up to the ground above. As they did so the doctor attracted the other's attention to the blood which had soaked through the left side of his coat and vest.

There is no necessity to dwell upon the incidents of that wretched Christmas Eve;—to tell how they brought the body up into camp; and how Judge Grace went and, as best he could, broke the news to Mrs. Garton; how her paroxysms of grief so frightened him that he had to call in Dr. Tenney; how she finally quieted down sufficiently for the doctor to think it safe to bring the body in, and how they had finally left her with her dead husband in the inner room of the cabin, with the pine branches and Christmas decorations all around, while a good old motherly body—a wife of an old miner in camp—sat in the front room with the tears trickling down her cheeks in sympathy with the sobs which came from behind the half closed door of the chamber which held the widow and the dead.

Long before Mrs. Garton knew that she was widowed the whole camp had heard what had happened and had discussed it fully. There was only one

opinion in camp as to who was the murderer; and there was only one opinion as to how the murderer should be treated. Inquiry elicited the facts that two or three people who lived along the trail lower down the gulch had seen Taylor going towards the claim an hour or so before Garton passed. Then an old miner who lived in a cabin on the claim next below Garton's said that he had heard a shot in the direction of Garton's claim an hour or two before noon, but that he had not thought anything of it. Others testified to having seen Taylor return soon after the shot had been heard. The rough practices of the camp are not too curious as to the formal validity of all the evidence adduced; and this, together with what was known of Taylor's character and his relation with Garton, was enough for them. Three or four men were then stationed to watch Taylor's cabin, and to follow him if he went out. But he did not. Just as dusk was coming on his wife had been seen to come out, muffled up, and pass along the trail down the creek, and she had not returned—which was all the better, as it was well that no woman should be in the way of such work as they had in hand that night. They supposed that she knew what had happened, and had left him. But they did not quite know the little black-eyed woman.

It was a stormy Christmas Eve. Black clouds chased one another across the sky; now and then those who were out would feel the snow falling lightly for a few minutes, and then that would be swept away again by the wind, which came roaring through the pines up the valley, snapping boughs as it went, and raising the snow from the ground into swirls and drifts. So dark it was that when it still wanted an hour of midnight a man on either side of the trail could hardly have seen the moving figures of the twelve or fifteen men who came slowly and with careful steps through camp towards the cabin where the murderer lived. On arriving opposite the cabin they held a few minutes' whispered conversation, and then, moving as quietly as ghosts, for fear of disturbing the murderer in the cabin, where the dim lamp was throwing a narrow streak of light from the window across the snow, separated into two bands, one of which went round to the back of the cabin, while the other—save two men—approached the door in front. For a while there was silence, which was broken at last by a low knocking on the door, repeated three or four times. No reply came from within. Then Grace's voice was heard: "Taylor! Taylor! Come out!" Still no reply. "Come, boys," he said, "we must break her open."

Two more figures stepped up alongside, and at a word from Grace, the weight of three men was thrown together against the door. With a crash it burst open, and the three men sprang back to either side, to avoid the expected pistol shot from within. No shot came, however. Not a sound. All was as still and silent as if the cabin had never been inhabited. "Surely he can't have got away," muttered Grace, as he approached cautiously and stepped quickly inside. Another followed, and another, and another, until all were crowding round the door.

"Taylor!" called Grace, in a low tone. "It's no use skulking. Get out and come up like a man." Still no sound, and the men who expected a desperate resistance knew not what to make of it. Then they commenced groping their way round back to the further corner of the room, where the bed stood. When one kicked a chair over they all started, and again the cabin was as still as death. Every corner of the room had been searched before the foremost man reached the bed. His knees hit it first. Then he leaned over with his hands spread out in front of him; there was a start, a sudden movement, as of two men clinching, and: "It's all right, boys. I've got him!" said Grace.

"An' no fight," muttered one in the background, in a tone of disappointment. "So long as he had a shell to his six-shooter, I never thought Pete would turn coward."

Two or three men then turned the figure on the bed, which was lying, thickly dressed, with boots and hat on, on to his face, and quickly bound the elbows together behind the back, unresisted.

"Just preparing to quit, wasn't you?" growled the one who had been so disappointed at the tameness of the captured man, when he passed his hand over the form, and felt the boots and hat. "A bit

later and we should have had to fight in the open. Well, p'raps it's best as it is. But I never thought you was a coward, Pete."

The captive, meanwhile, had been made to get off the bed and stand up; and then, with Grace's hand on one shoulder and Tenney's on the other, he was led slowly out of the door. There a low whistle brought the gang who had been watching the back of the cabin round to where the captive stood, and they all struck off together down the creek.

Not a word had Taylor spoken all the while; not an offer of resistance had he made. As they half led, half forced, him along through the snow, in the face of the bitter wind, he stumbled several times, and almost fell.

"Sakes! If fear don't make him as weak as a woman," muttered one, as he stumbled for the fifth or sixth time.

They did not go far, perhaps a quarter of a mile, down the trail before striking off into the brush and wood for a hundred paces, till they came to a tall pine tree, which stood alone, with a large limb branching out some ten feet from the ground. They had evidently made up their minds where to go beforehand, and knew the path well, or they never could have found it in the blackness of the night.

A terrible Christmas Eve! It wanted but a few minutes now of Christmas day; and, as they stood there waiting while one end of the rope was thrown over the limb and the noose made in the other end and adjusted round the doomed man's neck, the thoughts of many in that crowd went back to other Christmas mornings;—back to their mothers and sisters, who they knew were awake "seeing Christmas morning in," and whose thoughts, they knew, were with them now, of all moments in the year;—back to the many Christmases of their younger days;—back to that first Christmas morn at Bethlehem. And here were they preparing to usher in the glad morning of the great day of life with the hanging of a brother man. Nature itself seemed to resent such profanation of the season. The last strong gust of wind had died away, and the dark clouds had spread over the whole sky, and in the distance the thunder (which seems to have its perpetual abiding place, its home all the year round, here in the dark recesses of the mountains) muttered threateningly.

At last all was ready, and not a word had the man said, though the rope was round his neck. Had he anything to say? Did he deny his crime? Any message to send to anyone—to his wife or family? Was he sorry for what he had done? But not a word could they get in answer. He stood motionless, and in the darkness they had to stretch out their hands and touch him to see that he was really there.

"Well, may God be more merciful to you than you were to him," said Grace, and the two men who had hold of the rope pulled it taut preliminary to the final effort. They were already reaching up to get a firm purchase on the fatal rope, and in one more second it would have been too late, when—

"Ah! my God!" broke from the lips of the standing figure. A short exclamation wrung from the heart in agony; not much, perhaps, for a dying man to say, but at the sound of the words everyone who heard them held his breath, and the rope swung back from the hands that held it.

It was not Taylor's voice.

For a minute there was silence, then in a hoarse whisper a voice asked, "Where is the lantern?"

Someone had brought a lantern along, but it had not been thought necessary to use it so far. A match was struck and the lantern lit, and as the light fell on the face beneath which the rope was coiled it showed the round, soft face and black eyes, firm now and gleaming with an almost holy light, of the murderer's wife.

"Where is your husband?"

"Gone!"

"Where to?"

"Safety, I hope. He went away dressed like me, late this afternoon."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Doing my best to save the man I love."

"But if we'd hanged you?"

"So much the better. I meant you to. I did not mean to speak, and tried not to. Had you hanged me, you would not have found out your mistake until to-morrow. Then he would have had a whole day's start. Now he only has a night. I was willing to die in expiation of his sin."

The thunder seemed to have ceased now, and the wind had passed away; and it was in sullen silence that they unloosed the rope from round her neck by the dim light of the lantern, and she stepped away from the tree. Then—

"Somebody must carry her back!" said one.

"No. I can walk. Did you have to carry me out here?"

So, without a word and with slow step, the grim procession moved back to Fortune City, each man awed and frightened at the scene which had just passed. When they came to where the two cabins

stood they hesitated and wondered, whispering, what had best be done.

"Take me to her," at length she said.

Then, when no reply came:

"Why not? Have I not sorrow, as well as she? I can console her best. Take me to her." Still there was an awkward silence. "I know what makes you hesitate. Do not be afraid. I was his wife, loved him as much as she loved him, and am as pure as she."

So, after a minute's consultation, Grace and Tenney led the way towards the cabin, where the light was still gleaming from the window. They knocked gently at the door, and then walked in with her following. The old dame was asleep in a chair, but woke as they entered. "Is she inside?" asked the lawyer; but the question was needless, for the sound of long-drawn sobs came through the half open door.

So he stepped forward, and again knocking gently, waited for the broken, tearful voice to say "Come in," and then, pushing the door open, stood aside to let Taylor's wife, clad as she was in miner's dress, pass in.

The figure which was kneeling at the side of the bed whereon the body of her husband lay rose as the other entered, and turned, with her fair hair streaming over her shoulders and her young face wet with tears. For a minute she looked wonderingly at the strange figure that came in,—the rough mountain garb and the soft, black-eyed face, before she realized who it was. For a moment Mrs. Taylor, too, stood looking at her. Then suddenly all the firmness and heroism of love, which had borne her up so far, left her; and dropping on her knees before the fair-haired widow, she buried her face in her hands and her body shook with sobs. At last she spoke:

"Do not send me away. My grief is no less than yours,—greater, for I have to mourn for two, while you have only him to weep for. I loved him as much as ever you loved your husband. He did not mean to do it beforehand. He had promised me not to fight. He was in the wrong all through, but your husband struck him first, and then they fought, and my husband, being beaten, drew his revolver in despair, and—" But her voice failed her again, and she crouched lower on the floor.

Then the other stepped forward, and, leaning down, kissed her on the forehead. Then the one that was kneeling rose, and the two fell upon each other's necks and wept together.

Have you ever seen that wonderful picture by some French artist, called fancifully, "Alsace-Lorraine?"—the two female figures, one dark, one fair, both with beautiful faces and both with streaming eyes, embracing in their tears? That was the picture which those who were watching from the outer room saw that Christmas morning in the cabin. Then one stepped forward and gently closed the door, leaving the two with their sorrow and the dead.

There is little more to be told. Christmas day passed,—surely the saddest Christmas in Fortune City that mining camp ever saw,—and when, on the following day, poor Jim Garton was buried, his wife and the wife of his murderer stood side by side by the grave. The New Year came, and with it a long spell of hard times in Fortune, when the trails were all closed by the heavy snow. January passed at length, and February, and March, and when the warm April sun was beginning to melt the snow in the open spots, and the trails were shoveled out and put into shape for the summer travel again, the two women said good-bye to Fortune and started, under the escort of Dr. Tenney and Judge Grace, for San Francisco, where they lived inseparable friends. The two men never returned to mining, and when the writer last heard of them, a year and a half after that terrible Christmas Eve, the former hoped before long to call Mrs. Taylor his wife, and Grace had visions of some day replacing Garton. I do not know! The sorrows of such a day leave their shadow on those who pass through them for a long, long time to come; but if long love-service and patient loyalty can ever win a true second love, the judge and the doctor deserve to succeed.

And of Taylor? No one ever knew. There was no attempt to pursue him; but he would not have dared to follow any of the beaten trails. Certainly he never reached any of the neighboring camps, and it was generally supposed in Fortune that he waited round camp till the next morning, and either perished there in the woods, or made a hopeless effort to strike out a trail for himself across the snow-covered mountains. Others there were in camp who thought that a human skull, which the coyotes rolled out of the brush next spring, and after mulling over it all night down the trail through the camp, left it lying at the very door of the cabin he had occupied, was his. Perhaps so; but the All-seeing above knows what penalty he paid in this world for his crime of Christmas Eve.

THE END.

HOME INTERESTS.

How to Catch Cold.

Sit in a street car next to an open window.

Leave off your heavy underclothing on a mild October day.

Take a hot drink before going out into the cold or damp air.

Let the boys romp at school during recess time without their hats.

Sit in the passage or near an entry after dancing for half an hour.

Sit in a barber shop in your shirt sleeves while waiting to be shaved.

Wear your light-weight summer hosiery through October and November.

Put on a pair of thin shoes in the evening when you go to call upon your girl.

Fail to change your shoes and stockings after coming in on a very rainy day.

Have your hair cut and shampooed just as a change takes place in the weather.

Wear one of the new ladies' cutaway coats without a chamois or flannel vest underneath.

Throw your overcoat open on a blustering winter day to show off your nice new necktie.

Send the children out in autumn for exercise in short, thin stockings and skimpy skirts.

Leave off your rough overcoat when you go driving and wear your nice thin one to look swell.

Go to the front door in a cob-web dress and linger bidding good-night to your favorite young man.

Take a hot bath in the evening and sit up in your room to finish the last pages of an exciting novel.

Throw off your heavy coat when you reach the office in a hurry and put on your thin knock-about.

Go down to breakfast without a wrap on a chilly morning before the fires have got fully started.

Put the window of your sleeping room up before you go to bed, especially if the window is near the bed.

Run a square to catch a street car and take off your hat for a few moments to cool off when you catch it.

Go out into the lobby during a theatrical performance and promenade around without your overcoat.

Do your back hair up high when you have been accustomed to wear it low and go out on a windy day.

Take a long bicycle ride and stand for a while describing and showing off the beauties of your machine.

Come in from a rapid gallop on horseback and stand talking in the open air to a friend for five or ten minutes.

Go to an evening party in a dress-suit without putting on heavy underwear to compensate for the lightness of the cloth.

If you are bald-headed or have a susceptible back, sit during grand opera near one of the side doors in the academy of music.

Wear a thin vest of fancy pattern that protrudes a little below the coat and allows a part of the body that should always be warm to get chilled.

TREATING WOODS.—Various methods have been devised for treating the surface of certain woods so as to produce the most perfect imitations possible of rosewood, walnut, etc., but some of the most attractive work in this line is effected by simply spreading on the surface of the material a concentrated solution of hypermanganate of potassa, this being allowed to act until the desired shade is obtained. Five minutes suffice, ordinarily, to give a deep color—a few trials indicating the proper proportions. The hypermanganate of potassa is decomposed by the vegetable fibres with the precipitation of brown peroxide of manganese, which the influence of potassa, at the same time set free, fixes in a durable manner on the fibres. When the action is terminated the wood is washed with water, dried and then oiled and polished in the usual manner. The effect produced by this process in several woods is really remarkable. On the cherry, especially, it develops a beautiful color, which resists well the action of air and light.

CURE FOR STAMMERING.—Col. Hogeland tells of a sure cure for stammering. A person who does not stammer, without being conscious of it, as he begins to speak, lets the tongue rest against the roof of the mouth; the contrary is the case with the stammerer. Now, if the person who stammers will, when he begins to speak, press the tongue to the roof of his mouth he will find he can speak as easily and fluently as anyone else. The remedy is a simple one, and hundreds of persons may be benefited by the knowledge of it.

DEPRAVED TASTE.—The art of buttermaking will never reach perfection until we stop putting salt in the butter, says the *American Dairyman*. It is a depraved taste that requires a salt taste in butter. The most critical judges in the old country never think of allowing salt to come near the butter, and after getting accustomed to it there is all the difference between the two that there is between salt and fresh fish, flesh or other dried or prepared food. The true epicure could eat a pound of unsalted butter at a sitting. It will be money in the dairyman's pockets when salt is abandoned in the dairy.

A SOCIAL GAIN.—Few have yet realized the enormous gain that will accrue to society from the scientific education of our women. If, as we are constantly being told, the 'sphere of woman' is at home, what duty can be more clearly incumbent upon us than that of giving her the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the laws which ought to guide her in the rule of her house? Every woman on whom the management of a household devolves may profit by such knowledge. If the laws of health were better known, how much illness and sorrow might be averted? What insight would a knowledge of chemistry afford into the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of different articles of food! What added zest would be given to a country walk with the children or a month at the seaside, if the mother were able to teach the little ones intelligently to observe and revere the laws of nature! Above all, what untold sufferings, what wasted lives are the penalties we have paid for the prudish ignorance of the physiology of their bodily frame in which we have kept our daughters! These considerations have had far too little place with us at present. We trust that a new era is dawning upon us.—*Nature*.

JOAQUIN MILLER writes: As for the death of Riel, that is no great matter. What if the man was hanged up in a shed, by the light of the candles in the holy men's hands, and his breath cut short by the rope in the midst of his prayers? That is no great matter. That was only one man, and he died praying for his enemies. What, too, if he was called

"a coward" all the way through by those thirsting for his blood? Did not his calm and beautiful behavior stand out like a star the morning he died? Where and when has been such valor as this man bore to his death? So let him alone. Say no more about that. Sane or insane, no matter. Commit this poor man's record to Time, God's first-born; and I think with Montcalm, Wolfe and Montgomery, this man Riel will rank as the truest, best—the very first—among those who fell for his country and his people. Aye, his people, who had possessed Canada for thousands of years, while these others were only invaders.

WHEN a flock of mallard ducks, on their way South, flew over the court house at Alexandria, Dakota, last week, one of them struck the ball on the top of the flagstaff, breaking the shank and throwing the ball clear of the building. The duck fell in front of the house with its breast torn off. The staff was strong enough to hold a man on its top. But if, as alleged, mallards fly at the rate of two miles a minute, the severity of the shock is explained.

The wicked Dalles Mountaineer says: Why does a summer hotel in winter resemble heaven? Because there's not a d—d soul there.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.—SINGING THE OLD YEAR OUT.

[For The Northwest Magazine.]

My Prayer.

Spirit source of all being,
My soul turns to Thee.
Oh Father, all-seeing,
Thy grace set me free.

From night
Up to light,
O show me the way
That still leads to Thee.

From doubt and perplexity,
That circles my life,
From anguished complexity
Of earth's toll and strife,

Thy kindness
My blindness
Make haste to relieve,
And illumine my life.

From abject conclusions
Born of passions intense,
From shifting delusions,
Born of errors of sense.

Oh relieve,
Undeceive,
By the might of Thy truth,
My gross errors of sense.

Through Thy infinite bestowing,
O lead me aright,
Omniscient, far-knowing,
O give of Thy sight,

Charity,
Rarity,
Of full and free vision
To guide me aright.

From Thy wisdom's immensity,
Lord, give me large part.
Let Thy love, with intensity,
Glow in my heart.

Upholding,
Unfolding
My soul to Thy sight,
My heart to Thy heart.

Great source of my being,
My soul turns to Thee,
Imporing,
Adoring,

Thy care over me,
Entreating,
Beseeching
Thy care over me.

HELEN L. SUMNER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 1885.

In Winter.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Oh, to go back to the days of June,
Just to be young and live again,
Hearken again to the mad, sweet tune
Birds were singing with might and main;
South they flew at the summer's wane,
Leaving their nests for storms to harry,
Since time was coming for wind and rain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Wearily wander by dale and dune,
Footsteps fettered with clanking chain—
Free they were in the days of June,
Free they can never be again;
Fetters of age and fetters of pain,
Joys that fly, and sorrows that tarry—
Youth is over, and hopes were vain
Under the wintry skies to marry.

Now we chant but a desolate rune—
"Oh, to be young and alive again!"—
But never December turns to June,
And length of living is length of pain;
Winds in the nestless trees complain,
Snows of winter about us tarry,
And never the birds come back again
Under the wintry skies to marry.

ENVOI.

Youths and maidens, blithesome and vain,
Time makes thrusters that you cannot parry,
Mate in season, for who is fair
Under the wintry skies to marry?

RIEL.

He died at dawn in the land of snows,
A priest at the left, a priest at the right;
The doomed man praying for his pitiless foes,
And each priest holding a low, dim light
To pray for the soul of the dying.
But Windsor castle was far away;
And Windsor castle was never so gay,
With her gorgeous banners flying!

The hero was hung at the windy dawn—
"Twas splendidly done, the telegraph said;
A creak of the neck, then the shoulders drawn;
A heave of the breast—and the man hung dead.
And oh, never such valiant dying!
And Windsor castle was never so gay,
With its fops and its fools on that windy day,
And its thousand banners flying!

Some starving babes where a stark stream flows
Twixt windy banks by an Indian town;
A frenzied mother in the freezing snows,
While softly the plying snow comes down
To cover the dead and the dying.
But Windsor castle seemed never so gay—
She was sowing red dragon's teeth that day;
While God's four winds went flying!

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

AN OFFICE SEEKER IN A STATE OF BLISS.—
Widow to medium—"Is my husband happy in the spirit land?" "Yes; perfectly so, madam. He has everything his soul desires." "Then, thank heaven, he got it at last?" "Got what, madam?" "A post office."—*Chicago Ledger.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A substantial, well-printed octavo volume of nine hundred and two pages, entitled "*History of the Willamette Valley*," comes to our book table from the press of Geo. H. Himes, Portland, Oregon. The author is H. O. Lang and the work is published as a subscription book by Himes & Lang. It is of much more general interest than the title would indicate, for although intended for local sale only, it covers with a fair degree of thoroughness, the whole history of Oregon, beginning with the earliest discoveries of the Spaniards and English on the northwest coast. A steel engraving of Thomas H. Benton faces the title page. This honor is awarded to the bluff Missouri senator, who never saw Oregon, because of his sturdy defense of the American claim to the territory in the dispute with the British Government. The chapters relating to the early settlement of the Willamette Valley, the Protestant missions and the Indian wars are especially full and satisfactory, and the reader cannot fail to admire the fortitude and courage of the little bands of men and women who traversed thousands of miles of wilderness, and braved a terrible death at the hands of savages, to carry the Christian religion to the wild tribes of Oregon and to plant our American state on the remote shores of the Pacific.

"*A Tale of Two Cities*" is the title of a pamphlet which has created a good deal of discussion of late in St. Paul and Minneapolis, being received with general favor in the latter city, and with marked disfavor in the former. It is a rather labored, but by no means stupid, attempt to make a showing by figures and arguments in favor of the claim of superiority of Minneapolis over St. Paul. Such efforts appear to us to be relics of the small town epoch of intense rivalry between Minnesota's twin cities. That epoch has been outgrown. There is no longer any need for either city to boast of its own attainments, or to belittle the achievements of its neighbor. Both should now strive to build up the inter-urban territory, to attract manufactures, to build new railroads and to conquer new regions for trade. Nothing is plainer than that they are destined to grow together and to form a single great metropolis. The distance between their most widely separated districts is not as great as that between the northern and southern boundaries of Chicago. When their present population is doubled they will become practically one city. When it is trebled there will be no boundary line between them.

SEE the advertisement of the *Atlantic Monthly* on this page. This excellent magazine might be called the pioneer of the present phase of American literature. Of the remarkable galaxy of great writers that first established its fame there remain in the land of the living only James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes has just completed a serial story in its pages, and Mr. Lowell returns to its service the coming year. Among the good things promised for 1886 are a series of articles by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and serial stories of Chas. Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), the most original of the younger school of American novelists who find their characters and scenes in the every day phases of American life.

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